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62

Rotarian

APR 23 1941

MARCH

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

'A Landed
Proprietor'

JOHN MacCORMAC

Who'll Eat
Canada's Wheat?

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Harmony in
The Americas

ALLISON WARE

An American—
And a Rotarian

WALTER B. PITKIN

Dear Bill:

PICTURES—

- Indian Paintings
(Comment by John Sloan)
- Rotary on the March
In Ibero-America



Open
Bi

1941



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Last year, thousands of seekers of adventure took up the trail in the office of the American TRAVEL AGENT. Some of the trails were short, some long. But, under the guidance of this expert, each led to a fixed goal, and a known reward... so much adventure for a given outlay of time and money. His experience and knowledge established that for the traveler, *beforehand*.

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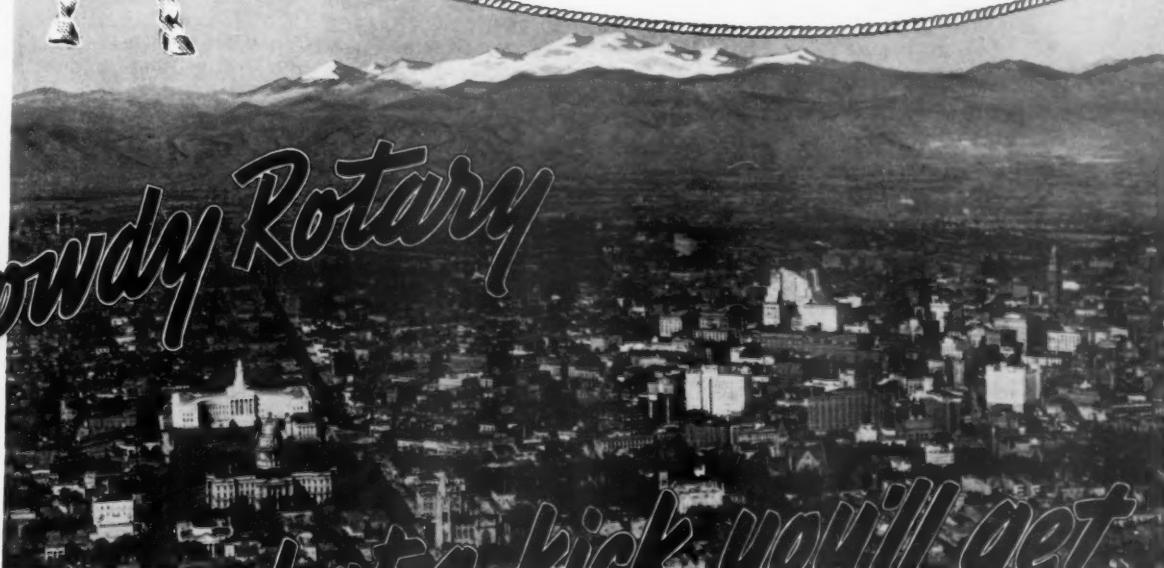
THE PEOPLE OF

Hawaii
U.S.A.



A Warm WESTERN Welcome
from AMERICA'S
COOLEST CITY

Howdy Rotary



*man, what a kick you'll get
OUT OF THE 1941 CONVENTION!*

in DENVER

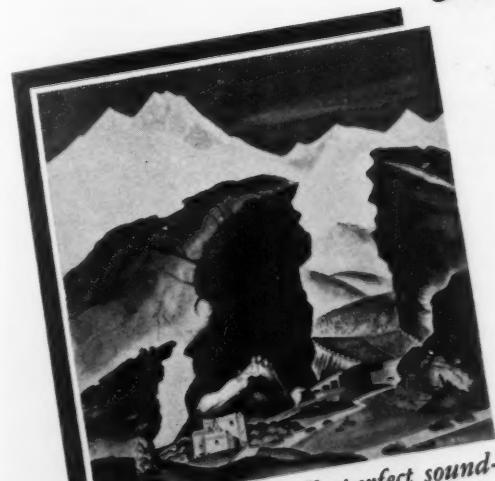
Listen, pardner! We're fixing to show you the time of your life when you visit our stamping grounds for your 32nd annual round-up! We're prettying up those snow-clad mountain ranges you've heard so much about... just for YOU and the members of your family! We're corraling our buckingest broncs to provide you the thrill of a lifetime! We're cooking up plenty of that western hospitality for your womenfolk! We're aiming to show you the town... and then some! When Denver and Rotary get together, things are bound to pop! And you can depend on the weatherman to dish out his sunniest Colorado days and his coolest nights for the folks of Rotary! You owe it to the wife and kids to bring 'em with you! So plan now to hit the trail for the open spaces... and to stay for a Real vacation!

June 15-20

**DENVER CONVENTION AND
VISITORS BUREAU**

519 Seventeenth Street • Denver, Colorado

Nature's acoustically perfect sound-
ing board of solid rock inspired this
gigantic outdoor theatre... seating
9,000, in Denver's Red Rocks Park



Coming!



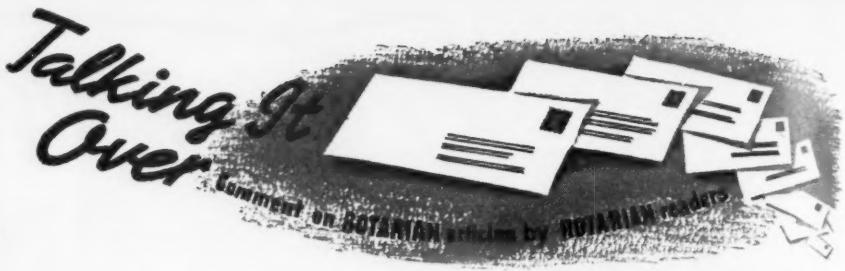
¶ They'll be hungry next June. Who? Why, the trout in Colorado, of course! But before you plan piscatorial conquests, master the tips in *Out for Trout*, by the world's champion distance caster, Dick Miller.

¶ Colorado will be "wide open" for you. Rotarian Ralph L. Carr, Governor of Colorado, invites you to "Hang Up Your Hat," and stay a while before, during, and after the Convention in Denver, June 15-20.

¶ Eight pages of fine rotogravure pictures will whet your appetite for the thrill of Convention time, will picture the mountains and lakes, drives and forests, Denver and its peaks.

¶ And this is only the beginning of—

**Your April
ROTARIAN**



Let Wise Minorities Act!

Pleads MELVIN J. EVANS
Management Engineer
Chicago, Illinois

I have just read the article by Ernest Bevin, *Britain in Social Transition* [February ROTARIAN]. It is one of the most significant things I have read in a long time.

I am personally convinced that the great masses of people will never again fight a war to the finish unless basic economic considerations are given major consideration. In this article we can clearly see the handwriting on the wall if we have the intelligence to read it.

When business awakens to this situation, it will be better for all of us. It is this sort of thing that it seems to me THE ROTARIAN has done better than any medium with which I am familiar. The need of the hour is that we actively cash in on these latent results. The world today is like a great supersaturated solution that will crystallize one way or the other upon the slightest jar. What the intelligent minorities do in the next five years may very possibly determine our destiny for 500 years. If such groups assume the leadership, well and good. If they do not, the agitator and the demagogue will be quick to assume the opportunity and no one can foretell the results.

'Be True to Rotary'

Urge ANGUS S. MITCHELL, Director
Rotary International
Melbourne, Australia

What is Rotary: What can it do in these troubled times? That question, so frequently discussed in THE ROTARIAN, is one to which Rotarians often give serious discussion.

Rotary International is but an organization of Clubs or bodies of men throughout the world, in which members are different, deliberately so chosen. These Clubs work out their own destiny, to suit their own needs and conditions, within certain fundamental limits; but there is a common denominator—service. To make this service effective and of value between nations by fostering friendship and understanding is, I think, the fruition of Rotary's ideals, the object of our work.

The Board of Rotary International exists for the purpose of guiding toward this end, and not for dictating or declaring policies. Should it dictate or declare policy to men of such divergent opinion, race, color, and creed, there would at once be created opposition which would lead to the destruction of the organization; Rotary International would cease to exist, and I do not think that we desire this.

Rotary will surely emerge from these

dreadful times stronger than ever, and will be fully international again. The preservation of the centuries-old ideals for which Rotary stands, and which are so keenly desired by millions of men and women throughout the world, is what our British Empire is fighting for and will continue to fight for until victory is won.

In the reconstruction afterward, Rotary has a great opportunity and will play an important part, and we must not forget that our service in the international avenue lies in advancing friendship, understanding, and goodwill, and not in working up hatred. Hatred against evil and its advocates, yes, by all means; but hatred against our fellowmen will not get us anywhere.

We must realize that the way to that peace so earnestly desired by the world lies along the path of tolerance and friendship. We pledged ourselves to this ideal on assuming membership; let us stick to it, and be true to ourselves and to Rotary.

The above communication was written by Director Mitchell upon arrival in Chicago for the January Board meeting. He left Australia on a convoyed troop ship, bringing Australian and New Zealand airmen to Canada. Exactly one calendar month was consumed by the voyage which, while hazardous, was without serious incident.—EDS.

'Gulliver Rubs His Eyes'

Believes KENDALL WEISIGER, Rotarian
Telephone-Service Executive
Atlanta, Georgia

No matter how the catastrophic conflicts may be decided, we in America shall have to share in paying the bitter price. Already we are contracting the largest national debt in the history of our country; our generation will have much of this debt to pay.

Mr. Hoover's article, *Hope in a Poorer World*, in the February ROTARIAN makes



WHEN Angus Mitchell came to Chicago for Rotary's Board meeting, with him came this wee kookaburra bear—a gift to Mrs. Paul Harris from the Footscray, Australia, Rotary Club.

one thing clear: It is impossible to destroy as much economic wealth as is represented in battered buildings and sunken ships, in slaughtered animals and flooded mines, in lands despoiled and crops destroyed, without imposing a lasting and devastating debt upon society. Nor can countless people be uprooted and driven from place to place, and their culture ruthlessly destroyed, without creating a loss to civilization which will take centuries to restore.

The senseless destruction of homes and lands and priceless personal possessions will reduce to penury so many millions of people that their purchasing power will be impaired for years and years to come.

This tragic loss of consuming ability,

AN EXTRA 'TEN'

For the Rotarian's wife who writes the best letter on "Why I'm Going to Denver in June"—to Rotary's great international Convention in the mile-high Colorado city. Just set down—in 300 words or less, please—the reasons in the back, or front, of your mind—and send your letter to "Talking It Over," care of "The Rotarian," 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. There's a prize of \$10—but your entry must be received by March 3. If you live outside North America, you may have until April 1.—The Editors.

coupled with the cessation of production of useful goods incident to the shameless slaughter of millions of producers, will deal such a staggering blow to world commerce that the consequent depression, now approaching on the horizon, will cause our present depression to appear as though a pygmy were beside a circus giant!

When the raging fires now consuming most of the best civilizations of the world have finally burned themselves out, from the smoldering embers will arise clouds of despair which, like an enveloping pall, will settle over the world and 1,000 years may elapse before the light of liberty and learning is seen again.

Buildings may be rebuilt, lands may be recultivated, and services may be restored, but the better blood streams established through the centuries, when shed upon the fields of battle, will leave

CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME
AWAITS YOU AT

CANADA'S ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS

MONTRÉAL—Mount Royal Hotel
Rotary meets Tuesday
NIAGARA FALLS, Canada—General Brock
Rotary meets Tuesday
HAMILTON, Ont.—Royal Connaught
Rotary meets Thursday
WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward
Rotary meets Monday
DIRECTION VERNON G. CARDY



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CUBA

HAVANA—SEVILLA-BILTMORE. Centrally located, 400 comfortable, modern rooms. Augustine Batista, Pres. Victor Batista, Mgr. Rates: Moderate, both Eu. and Am.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM—TUTWILER. 500 rooms. Direction Dinkler Hotel. Excellent service. R. Burt Orndorff, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Wednesday, 12:30.

ARIZONA

FLAGSTAFF—HOTEL MONTE VISTA. Center of Northern Arizona Scenic Wonders. 73 rooms, fireproof. Rates: \$1.50 up. RM 12:15 Tues. Frank E. Snider, Mgr.

TUCSON—PIIONEER HOTEL. New, modern, 250 outside rooms. J. M. Proctor, Manager. Rates: Summer, \$3-\$10; Winter, \$5-\$15. RM Wednesday 12:15.

CALIFORNIA

OAKLAND—HOTEL OAKLAND. On main traffic arteries. Parking handy. 500 outside rooms. H. B. Klingensmith, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3 up. RM Thursdays, 12:15.

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SAN FRANCISCO—STEWART HOTEL. Down town on Geary St. above Union Square. Chas. A. Stewart, Prop. Rates, single with bath, from \$2.50. Excellent cuisine.

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COLORADO SPRINGS—ACACIA HOTEL. Popular priced, good food, excellent service. Jo. W. Atkinson and R. E. Haigler, Mgrs. Rates: Eu. \$2.00 up. RM Friday, 12:15.

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NEW HAVEN—HOTEL TAFT. Very popular Coffee Shop. Friendly and Informal. 400 rooms, \$3 up. J. O. Voit, Gen. Mgr. RM Tuesday, 12:15.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ON HISTORIC PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
WILLARD HOTEL
H. P. SOMERVILLE, Managing Dir.
ROTARY MEETS WED. 12:30
WASHINGTON, D. C.

FLORIDA

THE COLUMBUS
MIAMI'S finest
Bayfront Hotel
17 FLOORS OF LUXURIOUS LIVING IN THE
HEART OF AMERICA'S TROPIC WONDERLAND

PENSACOLA—SAN CARLOS HOTEL. Air-conditioned grill. Splendid southern food. Open all year. L. C. Hagler, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50-\$6. RM Tuesday, 1:00.

ST. PETERSBURG—DENNIS HOTEL. Comfortable and convenient. 125 rooms. Rates: (Eu.) \$4.00 up. (Oct.-May 1). N. L. Dennis, Owner.

ST. PETERSBURG—THE HUNTINGTON. Truly a resort hotel of merit. 125 rooms. J. Lee Barnes, Pres.; Paul B. Barnes, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Am. \$7-\$12. Eu. \$4-\$8.

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205 outside rooms with comb. tub-shower.

Spacious lobbies. Cocktail lounge. Dining rm.

Paul Brown, Man. Dir.

Rotary meets Friday noon

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for over twenty-five years

Luncheon on Tuesday

GEORGIA

ATLANTA—ANSLEY HOTEL. 400 rooms of solid comfort in the downtown section. A Dinkler Hotel. L. L. Tucker, Jr., Res. Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Monday, 12:30.

KANSAS

TOPEKA—HOTEL JAYHAWK. Newest and finest. Excellent food. Garage in connection. Rates: \$2.50 up with bath. N. M. Moaby, Pres. & Gen'l Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

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NEW ORLEANS—ST. CHARLES. Comfortable accommodations for 1,000 guests. Direction Dinkler Hotels. John J. O'Leary, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3.00 up.

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DETROIT—HOTEL WOLVERINE. "Best Buy in Detroit." 500 modern, newly equipped rooms, all with tub and shower. Frank Walker, Manager. Rates: \$1.50 up.

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ST. LOUIS—KINGSWAY HOTEL. Kingshighway at W. Pine. 300 rooms. Charm and comfort and genuine hospitality. John K. Bryan, Mgr. Rates: \$1.50 up.

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Tell the Boss to stay at the
Hotel Bennox in Saint Louis.
Perfect service—grand food—downtown
—nearly parking—private bath—
radio reception

NEXT STOP ST. LOUIS!

AND MY STOP IS HOTEL Mayfair!
TOPS IN FOOD & SERVICE—AND RIGHT DOWNTOWN

ALL ROOMS WITH BATH RADIO RECEPTION

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY—HOTEL CLARIDGE. "The Skyscraper by the Sea." 400 rooms, with bath; 3 ocean decks; health baths. Europ. \$4.50 Single, \$7 Double. Gerald E. Trimble, Gen. Mgr.

ATLANTIC CITY—HOTEL DENNIS. Central on the Boardwalk. Open ocean lounges, health baths. Delicious cuisine. Moderate rates—both plans. Walter J. Busby, Inc.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY—PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL. 14 East 28th St. (near Fifth Ave.). Rotarians receive special attention. 1000 rooms with bath from \$2.50. George H. Newton, Mgr.

NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO—O. HENRY. 300 rooms. A modern hotel designed for comfort. Direction Dinkler Hotels. W. J. Black, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up.

OHIO

CINCINNATI—HOTEL GIBSON. Cincinnati's largest. 1000 rooms from \$3. Restaurants and bars; 200 guest rooms air-conditioned. Randall Davis, Gen. Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

GRANVILLE—THE GRANVILLE INN & GOLF COURSE, Ohio's smartest small hotel. Excellent accommodations. Eu. \$2.50 up. 18 hole course. J. R. Young, Mgr.

PENNSYLVANIA

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Among the World's First
Half Dozen Hotels
Headquarters: Rotary Club of Phila.
Meetings held Wednesdays, 12:30

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.

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AMARILLO—AMARILLO HOTEL. 400 Rooms. Modern. Eu. \$2.50 up. Open Year Round. Fine Food. C. S. Pryor, Manager. RM Thursday, 12:05.

CORPUS CHRISTI—NUCUES HOTEL. Excellent Cuisine. In Heart of Business District. Sensible Prices. J. E. Barrett, Manager. Eu. \$2.50 up.

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RICHMOND—THE JEFFERSON. An unusual hotel—delightful location—reasonable rates—illustrated booklet: Historic Richmond gratis. Wm. C. Royer, Mgr.

ROTARIANS TRAVEL

They stop at good hotels . . . This directory is their guide . . . Is your hotel represented? Rates are reasonable.

ADJUST-A-STRAPS "NATIONAL'S"

New—Modern Cable Supports For Use Next to the Pole—In Place of Rings

National Adjust-A-Straps are designed for use when it is desirable to replace two or more rings on either side of the poles.

Adjust-A-Straps have many advantageous features, some of which are:—ease of installation, split clasp, strength, elimination of damage to cable, tightness around cable and suspension away from the messenger.

Adjust-A-Straps are made with long wire supports which can be bent to line up with any size cable ring. You'll find Adjust-A-Straps exceptionally efficient for supporting the cable next to the poles where vibration is most severe.

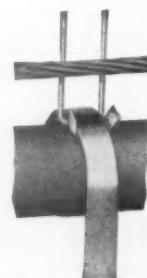


Illustration
Shows
Split
Clasp
Open

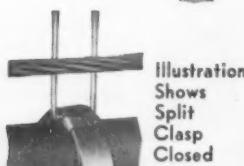


Illustration
Shows
Split
Clasp
Closed



Illustration
Shows
Completed
Installation

**THE NATIONAL
TELEPHONE SUPPLY CO.**
5100 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Export Distributor—International Standard
Electric Corp., New York, N. Y.

the best civilizations of the world so bereft of men and women of ability that the resultant dimming of the intellectual light will usher in another dark age upon a despairing world!

Fortunately, the sleeping Gulliver—that is, America—is now beginning to awaken, to rub his eyes, to flex his fingers, to stretch his legs. At last preparations for defense are now under way, but Gulliver needs to be kicked in the middle, and to be thoroughly awakened, before the forces which have kept him fettered in slumber may return to him for the kill!

Rotarians Shouldn't Cluck

Says KENNETH ADDISON, *Rotarian Physician*
Sydney, Australia

That a new world order will follow the destruction and carnage of this present war seems very evident [the theme of the "We Face a Poorer World" series in THE ROTARIAN, starting with Walter B. Pitkin's *Every Man a Leader* in September, 1940, and concluding with *Hope in a Poorer World*, by Herbert Hoover, February, 1941]. . . .

If there was ever a time in history for clear thinking, so that an attempt may be made to study the problems, be they social or economic, that will follow in the wake of this war, it is now. Let Rotary International, as the representative of a cross section of the community and a force for world peace, give a lead in offering constructive thought. If an attempt is not made now, when the war does end beware of confusion and chaos, perhaps even preparation for another war. Let every Rotarian who desires to play his part in the reshaping of this new world assimilate a necessary background to his thought and action, by endeavoring to remove uncertainty and fear of the future. . . .

Let us not sit on our nests of contentment and cluck to one another the wish that we may lay a golden egg, while the world cries out for humanity, justice, and peace. But, rather, allow this great movement to give a lead in unbiased objective thinking, with the hope that the sum total of those thoughts may be translated into action for which Rotary is a torch bearer.

Needed: More American Wizards

Holds A. J. WYLIE, *Rotarian Tourist-Court Manager*
San Angelo, Texas

May I add my "Yes!" to that of Edward F. Flynn in answer to the question *Shall We Adopt the World Calendar?* [debate-of-the-month for January]. Surely it would make a little easier this road we travel through life. The man who can tell you the day of the week on which January 3 fell two years ago almost comes under the classification of a wizard. There are times when that information is necessary.

It seems that we Americans always elect to do things the hard way. Our weights and measures system is so much more difficult than need be. I'll wager there are not a few Rotarians who could promptly say what the cost of 100 pounds of oats would be at 50

cents a bushel or the cost of 100 pounds of corn at the same price. Latin-American countries have much the simpler system. I notice that quite a few of them have gone on record in favor of this new calendar too.

The Lawgiver' a Clergyman
Reveals SILAS JOHNSON, *Rotarian Clergyman*
Macon, Georgia

The January issue of THE ROTARIAN is especially interesting to me, for on page 33 is *The Lawgiver*, the second-place winner in the Human-Interest Division of the magazine's Fifth Photo Contest. This is a photograph of a lifelong friend of mine—the Rev. Bascom Anthony, D.D.—an old-time Methodist preacher. He is 82 years of age,



CLERGYMAN Bascom Anthony—*The Lawgiver*. It won a prize for C. W. Blakeslee.

has retired, and spends his Winters in Florida. In 1939 he was in Tampa, and I understand Mr. Blakeslee, who took the picture, saw him walking down the street and became interested in him. Since he retired some six or eight years ago, he has written one book, *Fifty Years in the Ministry*, and is now a religious writer for two Georgia daily papers and one weekly religious paper.

Dr. Anthony spends much time in my home and always reads THE ROTARIAN. He has said to me time and again that he considers THE ROTARIAN the best magazine he has had the opportunity to read. Though not a Rotarian, he is a great friend of the members of the Macon Rotary Club.

Beat Bullets? Sometimes!
Discovers C. C. FINN, *Rotarian Metal-Works Executive*
Seattle, Washington

"Faster than bullets?" [see article by this title by William F. McDermott in the January ROTARIAN]. At just what point in the flight of the bullet? Just for curiosity, let's look at a few.

The automatic Colt .45 has the slowest muzzle velocity that is recognized as useful—about 800 feet a second. Even the little BB cap gets going fast faster, and the whole [Continued on page 58]

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The Western Hemisphere

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THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature

Volume LVIII

Number 3

MARCH

1941

Meet Our Guests—



Photo: A. Tennyson Beals

JOHN SLOAN, who comments on native Indian art, is well qualified for the task. He is one of the outstanding painters of our time and though his Winter life is in New York, Summer finds him heading off to Santa Fe, New Mexico. He and MRS. SLOAN—"DOLLY" to her friends—have just acquired a *ranchito* near Santa Fe and the Indian villages they delight to visit. If you're interested in ARTIST-AUTHOR SLOAN's view on the theory of art, look up his book, *Gist of Art*. . . . OQWA PI, whose *Corn Dance* is shown on the cover, is a Pueblo Indian of San Ildefonso, the New Mexican village which has been the focal point of the revival of Indian art. Though he has not painted for a year, his son, OQWA OWIN, also a fine artist, will carry on his genius.

DEBATORS KARL MILLER and FRANK BARNES (who supply one of our *two* debates-of-the-month) have had strangely parallel careers in Rotary. Both are Past International Directors, Past Committee Chairmen, Past District Governors. AUTHOR MILLER was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Dodge City, Kansas, where he is State District Court Judge. AUTHOR BARNES was one of the founders of the Rotary Club of Manistee, Michigan, where he is in the insurance business.

The many friends around the globe of SMITH L. P. FREE, of Masterton, New Zealand, Past International Vice-President, will be doubly interested in the guest editorial on page 7: it is adapted from an address by his fellow Club member E. J. RICH, vicar of the Church of England.

—THE CHAIRMEN

THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

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Rotarians In the News



AMID the daily avalanche of news, names stand out—names of men who are battling to keep their crafts, communities, nations, and beliefs on sound ground in a world of sudden shift. Many of these headliners are Rotarians, for Rotary's 213,000 men-around-the-world are business and professional leaders. What they do and say is news. On this page are several Rotarians whose achievements have brought them recent honors—and deserved public notice of them.

ADMIRAL William D. Leahy, United States Ambassador to France, receives a parting hug from his grandson, Robert Beale Leahy, as he embarked for his new post. The Admiral is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of San Juan, Puerto Rico, having been Governor of the island for two terms.

Photos: (left) Acme; (below) Moffatt; (below right) Melbourne Argus

AT 35, Henry T. Heald (right) heads the largest school of engineering in the United States, the Illinois Institute of Technology. A merger, which he directed, of famed Armour and Lewis Institutes formed the new school. The Chicago Junior Association of Commerce awarded this Chicago Rotarian its distinguished service award for 1940.

AUSTRALIA'S first Minister to Japan is Sir John Latham (far right), a charter member of the Rotary Club of Melbourne. In the classification of barrister, he held active membership in the Club until 1935, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia. At that time he was elected to honorary membership in his Club.



A RECENT visitor to Rotary's Central Office was Thomas Bata (left), of the Czech family of shoe manufacturers. There he discussed European problems with Dr. Lester B. Struthers, Assistant Secretary in charge of Rotary's Continental European Office, who had just returned to the United States. Bata was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Zlin, Czechoslovakia, and is now a member at Trenton, Ont., Canada, near which he has a new shoe factory.



NEW PRESIDENT of the National Association of Teacher College Presidents is Walter W. Parker, a member and Past President of the Rotary Club of Cape Girardeau, Mo. He is president of the Southeast Missouri State Teachers College there. He began his career as an educator some 30 years ago as an English teacher in Arkansas, was president of the State Teachers College in Alva, Okla.

YOU'VE heard the "Quiz Kids"—those amazing miniature encyclopedias of radio. Here is one of them, Jack Lucal, catching up on the news with his dad, Rotarian Alanson Lucal, of Oak Park, Ill. Jack, a 14-year-old high-school freshman, holds the record for consecutive appearances and also for high scores on the program. Despite wide publicity, he is modest as ever. Rotarian Lucal, an aviator in World War I, is a tire dealer.

Dare We Speak of Goodwill?

By E. J. Rich

Vicar; member, Rotary Club
of Masterton, New Zealand

NOT LONG AGO I accepted an invitation to speak at an evening forum which my Rotary Club was conducting. My subject was to be "International Goodwill and Peace."

"What would *you* say," I asked a friend, "if you were to make such an address?"

"Well, Padre," he answered, "I'd just get up and say: 'There's no such thing,' and then I'd sit down."

I could well understand his cynicism, but I could not share it. My friend is deeply depressed because the rosy world of "might have been" did not come to be. Most of us suffer that same nostalgia at times. Yet if I did not feel that the world of "might be" holds hope for us all, I should never have given that speech, should never have penned these words.

Certainly our old world order is sick. Indeed, it is already dead. We stand, as someone has said, between two worlds, the one dead, the other powerless to be born. Thus when we talk about Rotary's effort to advance "international understanding, goodwill, and peace," let us see it against the background of the grim world of now, and not against our never-born dream world of yesterday.

The world needs realists—but the kind of realist who roots his feet on the rock of fact and keeps his eyes, not on the mire around him, but on the ideal for which he strives. Rotary holds out an ideal. It visualizes a band of men in every land who see a higher motive in life than mere private gain, men who, convinced of the oneness of humanity, strive to help build on that common humanity an international social and economic life which will develop to the fullest all the faculties of man which lift him. That ideal also sees Rotarians of each land studying with understanding sympathy the problems of other na-

Certainly we dare! We must! But—runs this reply—we will do better to seek and burn the seeds of illwill.

tions, all linked by the ideal of service.

It is good that that ideal is being kept alive, that there is a body which will act as a leaven in public opinion, a leaven of reason and farsightedness in a mad and tortured world. Loyalty to such an organization is not always easy just now. When feelings are rightly strong, when perils are near and great, it is easy to forget how precious is a world-wide organization which strives to keep all within its fold.

Am I taking the very line I have condemned? Am I voicing beautiful, empty platitudes about our movement's powers? I am not. Note that I said *Rotary visualizes* these goods. No one claims that it has fully achieved them. Note that I said *Rotary visualizes Rotarians studying*. Perhaps we have not done enough of that. Perhaps our internationalism has been too narrow. We haven't tried hard enough to get at the roots of things which bind.

But whatever we may have done or left undone, we now face stark reality, for as Rotary was spreading from land to land, the growth of extreme nationalism was also spreading. It seemed an anachronism to us, for everything else in our world pointed in the opposite direction. Growing international trade, swifter communication, wider travel for more people, broader education—everything indicated a world drawing closer together in mutual goodwill and peace. Yet all the while this opposite spirit was working underground.

Thus once more, what could have been for human good has be-

come a thing of human ill. It is an old story. The acquisitive instinct, which brought primitive man from the nomadic to the pastoral stage, becomes a public nuisance when it produces a thief or a conscienceless millionaire. A wholesome patriotism degenerates into a nationalism which seeks aggrandizement at the expense of all rather than the enrichment of all—when it is misdirected.

So it seems to me that it is essential to international goodwill and peace that each State should consent to some limitation of its sovereign power. But a nation's external relationships are not the only concern. If a State regards man as a means and not as an end, then that internal policy will so affect the externality as to make it a sore on the world's life. A sane and real internationalism cannot remain unaffected by what goes on within nations.

BUT WHAT CAN Rotary do? Like any other organization, it can function only through its individual members. There is much that they—that *we*—can do. We can be prepared to lead. We can extend our contacts. We can study world problems, seeking to see in every nation the best and not the worst. By encouraging each people to bring its contribution to the common pot of life, by letting each share in the bounties meant for all, the world can get on the road to its goal.

Is that a task for Rotarians? It is. It is a task for every man with a clear eye, a stout heart, and a strong faith in the world of "may be." It is a task for all men of goodwill. Let us go to work!





"SHE GAVE ME some cookies. She was quite small and, as I stood by her stove, she came and put a thin old arm about my shoulders."

'A Landed Proprietor'

By Sherwood Anderson

WHEN I WAS a very young boy, one of several sons in a poor family in an American Middle-western town, I was, for a time, the town newsboy. Among my customers in the town, to whom I delivered daily the newspaper from our nearest big city, was a certain little old woman.

She, as I was later to find out, was also very poor. She must, however, have had a small income from some source unknown to us, but her life in her house was a very lonely one. It was a narrow,

penny-counting life. She was there, living alone in a little frame house, on a street of small houses, and beside her house was a vacant lot in which grew several gnarled old apple trees. Her own house was always very clean, very neatly kept, but during the Winter months she sat all day in her kitchen. She did it to save fuel. She heated only the one room in her house.

Such old women are often very wonderful. They grow old patiently, with quiet serenity, often a

strange beauty in their wrinkled old faces. They attain a beauty that seldom comes to old men. Such an old woman may carry about a worn-out body, may walk with difficulty, her body may be wracked with pain, but a beautiful aliveness still shines out of her old eyes. It may be because women are less defeated by modern life. I have often thought that. They have been creators. Children have been born out of their bodies. There may be in them a feeling of accomplishment we men

seldom get or even understand.

"See, I have done it. Now I am old and tired, but there are these others, men and women, the seeds of whom I have carried in my body. They have gone away from me now, but they are alive, somewhere in the world. Here I am. I have not just lived, I have given out life."

The particular old woman of whom I speak used to call me often into her house. On cold or rainy days she stood at her kitchen door waiting for my coming. She took an evening paper, and at night, sometimes, the train from the city was late. She put a lamp in her kitchen window. She called to me.

"Come in, boy. Dry yourself a little. Warm yourself by my fire." She had baked a pie or made cookies and she gave me some. She was quite small and, as I stood by her kitchen stove, she came and put a thin old arm about my shoulders.

"It is good to be young, to have your life before you," she said. She smiled at me and lights danced in her old eyes. "I am sure you will be a fine man. I feel it. I am sure of it," she added, and I drank in her words.

When I left her house on winter nights, I found myself running joyously along through the dark night streets of our little town, and when I put my hand into my coat pocket, I found that, while her arm was about my shoulder, she had slipped several more cookies into my pocket.

She died and she had put my name into her will. How proud I was. She had left her house and its furnishings to a son, a mechanic living in some distant city, but the vacant lot, beside her house, in which grew the gnarled old apple trees, she had left to me.

It was a gesture. It was because my daily visits to her house had broken her loneliness. It was because, after she was gone, she wanted me to remember and think of her. It was, to me, a

matter of magnificent importance. There was this will, to be probated in our court. I had got the word "probated" from a lawyer of the town to whom I also delivered a daily newspaper. My name would be read out. I would be called upon to sign a paper. I walked about the streets with my chest thrown out.

AND there was something else. I had become a landowner, a landed proprietor. I took some of my boy friends to see my lot. There was a particular boy, the son of a grocer. "You see, Herman, your father may own a store, but what do you own?" It was Fall and there were a few small apples on the old apple trees and scattered about among tall weeds. I grew generous.

"Help yourself, Herman. Put some in your pocket. It's all right with me."

I filled my own pockets and took my apples home, demanding that Mother make me a pie and, when it was made, I stood over it, handing out small wedges to my brothers and sisters. This was not a family affair. It was my pie, made from the apples of my own trees that grew on my own land. How gloriously generous I had become. To be thus generous with my own property was a new and sweet feeling to me.

I took my brothers with me to see my lot, but they were some-

what scornful. "Ah, it is nothing," one of them said. "Such old, no-good trees."

"And look, at the back there, where it goes down to the creek. It is all wet back there. It is a swamp."

It was something I could not stand. One of my brothers and I fought. We stood under one of my apple trees and I pummelled him while a younger brother, little more than a babe, stood on the sidewalk before my lot and cried.

It was better with my sister, who was two years older than myself and, I thought, a very sensible person. She had understanding. She praised my lot. "What fine trees," she said. "Look, the ground must be very rich. How tall the weeds have grown."

In our family we had always been moving. We went from one small frame house in the town to another. There were six of us and no two of us had been born in the same house. Perhaps we moved whenever the rent became too much overdue. I can't be sure of that.

But now I had got this piece of land, and presently I would build a house on it, such a magnificent



"HE explained that the unpaid taxes amounted to about four times what my lot was worth."

Illustrations
by Sam Bates

house. What a joy it would be to our mother. My sister and I spent hours, walking up and down through tall weeds, making our plans.

"You just wait, Sister. You'll see. I shall grow rich." In a town some 50 miles away oil had recently been struck. "Who knows —there may be oil down here, under this very spot on which I stand."

In a stationery store of the town I had bought a magazine devoted to house building and I took it home. To avoid my brothers, who continued scornful ("It is just pure jealousy," I told my sister), my sister and I went upstairs into a bedroom of our house. We sat on the edge of the bed.

What plans we made! Our house continued to grow and grow. Every day we added more rooms. My sister, from time to time, began to feel, I thought, too much a co-owner and I had to rebuke her a little. It was all right for her to make suggestions, but all decisions were to be left to me. I made that quite clear to her.

And then it all happened. The dream faded. It blew up.

It was the same small-town lawyer who had given me the word "probate" who blew it up.

"You look here, Kid," he one day said to me, "about that lot that old woman left to you. I've been looking it up." He explained that the unpaid taxes amounted to about four times what my lot was worth.

"I guess you don't want to prove up on it," he said, but I could not answer him. I ran away. He had his office upstairs over a shoe store in our town and I ran quickly down the stairs and through an alley back of stores and along residence streets until I got out into the country. It was in the Spring, on a morning in the Spring, when the lawyer gave me the dreadful news and I had my morning newspapers to distribute, but, on that morning, I did not finish delivering them. At the edge of town I threw them angrily into a creek. I ran into a wood.

But who can understand the sadness of a boy? I was there in that wood, not far from our town. For a time I cried and then I grew angry. So there was a thing called taxes. . . . You had a va-

cant lot given you, a fine lot, I thought, with grand trees growing on it. You had it and then you had it not. Some mysterious force that you didn't understand reached down and took it from you. But where would you get the money for that?

I began to blame the town in which I lived. I would leave it, I decided. If I went home, there would be my brothers, and when they found out that the lot that had been mine wasn't really mine, they would laugh at me.

I stayed in the wood all that day, did not go to school. I made plans. When night came, I would



Sherwood Anderson

THE small American town has no more conscientious reporter than Sherwood Anderson. Born in little Camden, Ohio, he got a big city job, succeeded in it, and left it flat one day to go back and write for small towns as a newspaperman, and about small towns as a novelist, poet, and playwright. If in "Winesburg, Ohio," perhaps best known of his 20 books, he bore on the harsher realities of small-town life, in his most recent book, "Home Town," he is concerned with its enduring simplicity and its rugged democracy—and 142 fine prints from Farm Security photographers aid him. His home and workplace—Marion, Virginia.

go into town and get on a train. There was a local freight that passed through town in the early evening and I would crawl into a boxcar and, after a time, when the town realized that I was gone for good, it would be sorry. I think that, at the time all this happened to me, I must have been reading *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. For some obscure reason I decided I would go to Cairo, Illinois. I would be a bootblack on the streets there. Then I would become a steamboat captain, grow rich, return to my Ohio town a rich man, pay up the taxes on my

lot, and build a magnificent house.

I was very resolute, very determined, but, in the late afternoon, it began to rain and I decided that, after all, I would put off fleeing from the town for a day or two. There were things I had to attend to. I had bought a bicycle and was paying for it on the installment plan and it was almost paid for. I would have to sell that, and make myself a bootblack outfit.

When night came, I crept into town. I had begun a little to get my courage back. I went to the railroad station and there were my evening papers, in their bundle, lying against the closed door of the express office.

I had to think up an explanation of why some of my customers had not got their morning paper. That occupied my mind and also I had to think up things to say to my brothers. I ran along in the rain, distributing my papers, and when I had got into a dark residence street, I began talking aloud. I was making up speeches for my brothers.

"Ah, go on! Shut up! Anyway, no one ever put your name in a will," I would say.

When I had got my papers delivered that night, I could not resist going for a visit to my lot. I went and the street in which my lot stood was dark. The old woman's son, the mechanic, had taken the furniture away. I stood for a time in the tall weeds, wet now by the rain, and was inclined to cry again, and then, although I was frightened by the thought of the empty house, I went to the rear, to the kitchen door where, when she was alive, there had always been, on such rainy nights, a light in the window for me.

I did not stay there long. I ran away. For a time as I ran in a small-town residential street in the rain, I cried again and then I stopped crying. I remembered what I had planned to say to my brothers. It may be that just having said the words aloud had brought a dim realization of something that, as I grew older, would become more important to me. There was, after all, the fact I had been mentioned in the old woman's will. Even after she had gone she had made the gesture of love and friendship to me.

An American and a Rotarian

By Allison Ware

First Vice-President, Rotary International

"ASANE, sturdy patriotism is not inconsistent with Rotary principles. It is, instead, the very basis of Rotary's Sixth [now Fourth] Object—namely, international goodwill. Rotary does not want in its ranks those who are not good citizens. It does not supersede patriotism. It rather tends to stimulate it."

With these ringing words, the late John Nelson, of Canada, then (1933) President of Rotary International, gave utterance to the cardinal creed of our organization regarding citizenship.* It was on the occasion of his visit to Germany, then in the throes of social and political change, and Rotary was being accused of confusing State and politics with its program.

John Nelson did not originate the identification of good citizenship with high ethical standards and the ideal of international comity. The international Convention of 1929 at Dallas, Texas, adopted a Resolution (No. 29-13) which read, in closing: "Rotary in each of them [the countries of the world in which Rotary was then established] conforms its action to sincere respect and regard for the political and religious institutions of the nation and expects its members, while coöperating toward a cordial international understanding, to be thoroughly loyal to their religious and moral ideals and to the higher interests of their particular country."

This is not by way of apology, but of clarification. In today's troubous times, it is well to clarify our own position. I am an American—and I am a Rotarian. And I do firmly believe that the better American I am, the better I shall be a Rotarian. Just as John Nelson was a loyal and fervent Canadian—and a remarkably loy-

* See *Rotary Carries On in Germany*, by John Nelson, November, 1933, ROTARIAN.



Photo: Charles Phelps Cushing

al Rotarian—so there are today thousands of Brazilians, Chileans, Britons, Americans, and others who are completely loyal to their countries while being wholly firm in their adherence to Rotary and its Four Objects.

Rotary has never presumed to interfere with a man's citizenship nor with his religious belief. It has spread around the world on the principle that neither class nor caste, race nor language, creed nor color, can destroy the respect that men of goodwill may rightfully have for one another. This mutual respect exists because we believe that *service* is the true foundation of success.

I, as an American, and you,

whatever you may be, can the better realize our desires in Rotary by the highest forms of citizenship. This is not idle platitudine—it is commonsense. For what better basis for fellowship and Club Service can there be than the firm ground of a common citizenship? There is no need of explanation, of give and take, of compromise, when that foundation is secure.

Community Service is another way of saying "good citizenship." Here in America, and I strongly suspect that elsewhere as well, the average citizen can best show his allegiance and participation in government by taking part in community affairs. Good Americanism is good citizenship: and

that is good Community Service.

As an American, I am strongly persuaded that every time I follow the path of "high ethical standards in my profession, I am contributing in some measure to the high standards of my patriotism. When I—or you—can raise the standards by even a hair's breadth, I raise the adherence to the strongest of my patriotic duties—the translation of ideals into action.

Lastly, when I, an American, cement closer some tie with some citizen of another land, I feel sure that I have performed something toward the strengthening of my own nation without weakening any other country.

CONCRETELY: As an American and a Rotarian, I see a number of roads that I may travel. First of all, there is the realization that we American Rotarians are engaging in what we may well call total defense. The past few years have shown that war today is not a struggle of armed forces, but a struggle of complete nations in every way possible—commercial, industrial, financial, material.

As a Rotarian, I feel it incumbent upon me to strive for maintenance of educational facilities for the coming generation, and to broaden the educational facilities we now possess to include training of our adolescents to step into places as their years permit. In particular, I feel that we have a duty of educating the coming generation to the advantages of the form of government under which we live and prosper, whatever may be the occasional lapses in that prosperity. It seems rather futile to debate the advantages of a solid civilization against the chimeric proposals of ideas of government not only alien to our way of life, but already proved inimical to the very principles that we, as Rotarians, have expounded. Yet it seems necessary to include in our education some practical means of educating, through our mass of fact at hand, on the opportunities of our own way of life.

Experience has shown us that *morale* is a strong factor in total defense. As a Rotarian, I see opportunities of sponsoring and bolstering the spirit that is the essence of morale. First among the

"musts" of improvement in the slightly weakened morale of today is the understanding of the quarrel, if such there be, between employer and employee. With a common purpose—and their purpose *must* be common—it should be easier to build a common action on the basis of complete understanding. This can never be accomplished while one side or the other is asked to make all the sacrifices—but it can be accomplished by mutual understanding.

And make no mistake about this: Americans! Rotarians!! Total defense demands sacrifice and daily exemplification of service above self.

Down deep below morale is *health* and *well-being*. Not solely that of myself and family, but of all my fellow Americans. This does not mean additional relief funds—it means rehabilitation and reconstruction. It means exercise; it means public-health services for everybody. It means proper distribution of surplus foods, in all channels possible.

Total defense calls for cheerful acquiescence in measures selected by our chosen leaders, be they of our own choice or that of a majority with which we are not affiliated. The essence of America is that when the people have spoken, the result is one in which we all take pride.

I realize that the term "American" is far more inclusive than the selfish United States meaning I have given it, but in the absence of a better term, it must serve. Yet, whatever citizen of the Americas, or elsewhere, may read this, the message is the same. In the total, all-out defense to which we are called, patriotism highlights our Rotary motto in every country—and we shall profit most in serving best.

Specifically, I have undertaken to list below a few definite services United States Rotary Clubs can undertake, and sources of helpful information about them.*

Morale: First of all, we should consider the morale of the boys away from home at camps. The *Rotary Reporter* section of recent issues of *THE ROTARIAN* has been full of plans used by Clubs in countries at war to help the men in the services. Read them

and use them. Also see *Column Right at Ft. Leavenworth* (page 46, October, 1940, *ROTARIAN*). No. 625, *Rotary Clubs and War Relief*, is also useful. For what to prevent, see *Life*, Dec. 23, 1940, on loneliness in the camps; and *Commerce*, Jan., 1941, for *Business and Army Morale Building Program*.

Donations of books, periodicals, radios, etc., can be considered, but to do the best job, invite the personnel staff of near-by camps to a meeting and discuss what you can best do.

Employers-Employees: Available are papers No. 521, *Building Employee Goodwill*; No. 526, *Employees—A Firm's Best Assets*; No. 532, *Mediation*; No. 562, *Being Boss and Friend*; No. 563, *Bettering Employer-Employee Relations*.

Americanization: Send 25 cents to the Office of Education, Washington, D. C., for *Americans All—Immigrants All. Common Ground* is a helpful quarterly published by the Common Council for American Unity, 222 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. No. 739A, *Understanding Other Nationals in Our Community*; No. 648, *Continuing Education*, is on adult education. *Home Study Blue Book* for 1941 has been issued by the National Home Study Council, Washington, D. C.

Democracy: *Speak Up for Democracy!*, by Edward L. Bernays, Viking Press, N. Y., \$1. *Democracy in Action* (I especially recommend this), by Melvin J. Evans, 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., 25 cents; No. 621, *Community Advisory Council*; No. 607, *Coöperation*.

Public Health: No. 637, *An Ounce of Prevention*; No. 637A, *Rotary and the Crippled Child*; No. 686A, *Playgrounds*; No. 685B, *Making the Most of Leisure*; *Health Preparedness*, in *American Journal of Public Health*, Dec., 1940.

Youth and Education: *Youth and the Defense Program*, in *Occupations*, Jan., 1941. *Youth, War, and Freedom*, by Raymond Gram Swing. *Education and Defense of Democracy*, Nat. Education Assn. No. 635, *Community Survey* (see also page 22, *THE ROTARIAN*, Jan., 1941); No. 685, *Leisure-Time Activities for Youth*; No. 655, *Occupational Guidance*; No. 662, *Apprentice Training*.

AND, as a very sound basis, with many other references: send to the Secretariat for No. 603, *Rotary Clubs and National Defense*.

Have I outraged Rotary in this brief presentation of what I as an American believe? I cannot think so; I do not for a moment believe so. For after all, that greatest of all Teachers defined it simply and fully—render unto whatever government to which you pledge allegiance those things which are its just dues; and unto your conscience those things which your private beliefs acknowledge.

* References to numbered papers are those which can be obtained from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, on request.

Compulsory Arbitration of Labor Disputes?

YES!

Says Henry J. Allen

... who opens this debate-of-the-month, one of timely interest to Americans, but also of world-wide import. This Pennsylvania-born Kansas newspaperman was Governor of Kansas in 1919-23, inaugurated the Kansas Industrial Court, later went to the United States Senate for three years. Since 1935 he has been editor of the Topeka "State Journal."



Photo: Acme

THE United States is filled with the clamor of industrial disputes which make for confusion and dislocation. In every discussion as to why the actual work upon the defense program does not go forward faster, labor is mentioned as either the first or the second cause of the delay.

William S. Knudsen, director of defense production management, recently took the public into his confidence in a most poignant discussion, declaring that there was a lag of 30 percent in aircraft output alone. He emphasized that the labor difficulty constituted the first barrier to needed progress. He mentioned specifically the need of correcting the schedule of labor hours which now blacks out the industry from Friday night until Monday morning.

An exactly similar thing happened in France, where the left-wing labor racketeers, establishing a government within the Government, controlled the energies of labor. France pays today in tragic despair for the ruin of a brave land which tried to save itself on a 37-hour-week labor program, interrupted continuously by sitdown strikes, apathy, and other disorders. While France, crippled by this situation, produced less than 35 airplanes a month and allowed labor to live in semi-idleness, Germany worked furiously producing 1,500 planes a month.

In America the reaction of public opinion on the subject of national security is significant. A poll recently taken by Dr. George Gallup reveals that over 70 percent of the people of the United

States blame labor for the retardation of the defense program. It would not be just, of course, to blame labor individually, or as a mass: the system responds to the labor leaders; they must face the rising tide of public censure.

The labor situation is even more difficult than it was during World War I. Even then it was bad enough. It may be recalled that between April 8, 1917, and November 15, 1918, there were 6,000 strikes in industries which were producing the sinews of war in the United States. Some were strikes on New York docks, which retarded the loading of ships taking supplies to the men in the battle lines. Most of the old faults are reappearing with added emphasis.

Last week I visited with an industrial leader who is building an oil refinery in southern Illinois. The company had fixed six months as the normal time for construction, but the job has been running nine months now and has at least three months to go. The cost has almost doubled the original estimate.

The day I was there a shortage of pipe fitters had brought an emergency. Over 70 pipe fitters from the union in Chicago had been sent to the job. Irrespective of their qualifications, the contractor had to pay a \$1-a-day fee for each man to the union officials. It costs \$300 to join that union, and the apprentice supply thus had been restricted. Of the 70 men, the youngest was 62 years of age.

Common labor on this job is getting \$1 an hour; skilled labor is

getting from \$1.50 to \$1.70. The contractor must negotiate constantly with the business agents of 12 separate unions. An expensive lot of time has been wasted by jurisdictional quarrels.

At Fort Riley the Government is now building 700 houses for troops. More than 9,000 so-called workers have already been mobilized. The situation presents a confused scene, vividly reminiscent of the spectacle I saw there 24 years ago. Now, as then, the buildings are being constructed on the cost-plus (pluck) basis. Common labor is getting top prices for short hours. The process through which any man may get a job is somewhat as follows:

He must first have a clearance from the unemployed rolls, then he applies at Ogden, a village near Fort Riley, to a labor leader who charges him \$40 for a union card. He is then at liberty to enter into a conspiracy with the contractor to add his name to the lengthening payroll and thus effect the cost of the job upward to the mutual profit of them both. Sometimes he misses a job with the contractor, but he doesn't get back the \$40.

The shocking story thus begins with union labor's collection of approximately \$360,000 for union fees on a simple Army job at an interior point. The reckless pressure of haste and numbers will complete the simple, temporary buildings, but at a cost altogether out of proportion to the needs, even of this grim hour.

When you contemplate the confusion encountered everywhere

through the lack of a coördinated program, it may seem absurd to debate leisurely the constructive proposals of a remedy that has been receiving some attention for over two generations. It would seem to demand of the Government a firm hand.

The National Labor Relations Board (NLRB), brought into existence by the Wagner Act, was created as an instrument of labor's resistance to employing capital. It should have been entitled "An Act for the Regulation of Capital by Labor."

PROBABLY capital, in the dark ages of its early days, never figured out a program which obtained so watertight a grip upon labor as that which labor has now established for its control of employer relations. The severity of this modern-day labor control is not justified by the ruthless, early-day control by capital.

The National Labor Relations Board is a semijudicial body whose judges are also the prosecutors, and at times the detectives and witnesses who gather evidence on the cases in which they pass final judgment. Those who read the reports of the recent Congressional investigation of the NLRB must realize how utterly unimportant and without dependent value this expensive arm of the service has been from the beginning. It represents labor statesmanship at its very worst.

There have been honest efforts to create workable, compulsory programs for the solution of labor controversies. Something over a quarter century ago, the industrial tribunals of New Zealand and Australia gave us some hope. They were organized originally with the thought that collective bargaining might be given an even, balanced justice by court procedure and discipline. Space is not sufficient to discuss the acts' many sensible provisions.

In the United States, probably the most important effort in this direction was the Kansas Court of Industrial Relations. It was not an act for compulsory arbitration, but rather for compulsory adjudication. The theory was that the controversies between capital and labor in essential industries could be solved by impartial adjudica-

tion, that the trial of the causes could be surrounded by every solemnity that surrounds other court procedure, and that it would be safe to set up the broad principle that courts of justice which find equitable solution for every other relationship in life, can find it for labor.

Elaborate provisions for research, for hearing, and finally for appeal to the higher courts were provided. Collective bargaining was recognized. Its rights were standardized and protected.

The justification for the law was in the thought of the authors that a strike in an essential industry, such as food, clothing, transportation, was a conspiracy against the general public, which had a right to protection against this attack upon its safety.

The law was exceedingly popular. Other States and nations studied it. In Kansas it wrote a new chapter in the possibilities of just adjudication of labor disputes. Mussolini fashioned his "Syndicalist Labor Act" after the argument of the Kansas Industrial Court. He took its provision against strikes in essential industries and its accepted arguments. In fact, he took the north half of the law, leaving out the court. He himself became the court, thus distorting it from a thing of impartial justice to an instrument of tyranny. Other dictators borrowed it from Mussolini.

Thus, the Kansas Court had gained wide recognition before the Supreme Court of the United States crippled the act by reversal on what appeared to be a minor point, but which in reality provided a major consideration.

The Kansas Industrial Court Act provided that during the consideration of a controversy over wages between workmen and employers, a minimum wage might be established by the Court which would prevail during the hearing. The Supreme Court of the United States held that the State should not have the power to establish a minimum wage under any circumstances, since such latitude would give the State power to interfere with contractual relations between labor and capital.

This position of the Supreme Court has since been deeply affected, if not indeed completely

repealed, by subsequent opinions upon the same question, but at the moment it deprived the Kansas law of its balance of justice.

The Industrial Court had functioned for several years with satisfactory results. Its acts had received approval of the State Supreme Court. However, after the Supreme Court of the United States had limited the powers of the State body, it lost its usefulness, since, obviously, it would be unfair to forbid strikes without allowing labor, in a court of justice, the fullest latitude for protection and relief.

In writing its Industrial Court Act in 1927, England was conscious of what the Kansas Industrial Court was trying to do. In its forms the doctrines and philosophies of the Kansas Industrial Court Act are suggested.

The British Industrial Court system probably is the most effective effort mankind has seen to solve the labor problem. In 1938 President Roosevelt appointed a commission to visit England and give him a report upon the effectiveness of the English experience. The report* reveals that an honest effort on the part of the Government, the public, and labor leadership is producing a system which is solving the problems. There is no more racketeering by greedy and self-conscious leaders. The labor unions have become possessed of legal status and are responsible for their conduct. Strikes and lockouts had disappeared long before the present grip of war placed all capital and all labor under the grim control of an endangered government.

THE FIRST consideration, when contemplating America's labor problem, has to do with its emergent character. Defense orders have been given the right of way in the order of need. The term "bottleneck" has appeared with a new meaning—to describe the labor delinquency more frequently than in connection with any other blockade.

When the war is over, Americans will face the colossal task of reconstruction, which will test their resourcefulness no less than

* Report of the Commission on Industrial Relations in Great Britain may be obtained from the United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C. 150 pages. 20 cents.

does national defense. It would be wise, of course, to prepare for the emergency of this kind which awaits the hour of peace, as well as for the emergency the nation now encounters.

Already States are stirred by industrial problems. A national organization is advising united action on the part of State legislatures to create industrial tribunals. It would seem to me that the simplest, most practical, and most enduring relief points to the remedy which Great Britain found

in her Industrial Courts and the machinery established under carefully thought-out statutory law. There is a clear pathway of accomplishment providing for America the definite wisdom of experience. The British Industrial Court Act, with its attendant legislation, has received the approval of President Roosevelt's Commission on Industrial Relations in Great Britain. These enactments would give valuable machinery for immediate progress away from the present confusion and waste.

NO!

I WAS BORN in the labor movement and joined a union before I was old enough to vote. Nevertheless, I would have a very poor opinion of myself if I approached a subject of such vital concern to my country solely from the point of view of the trade-union movement.

Americans should not countenance compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes or approve the proposal to limit, or perhaps entirely nullify, labor's right to strike, because both are thoroughly antidemocratic and, therefore, un-American.

At this moment the American people are as united in support of the institutions which have made their country glorious as they have ever been in their entire history. They are all concentrating on the supreme task of national defense. There are sharp differences of opinion concerning details, but there is gratifying agreement on the main objective — *the preservation of the precious heritage handed down to them by the Fathers of the Republic.*

No class is displaying a deeper devotion, or a more enlightened understanding of the exigencies of the situation, than the more than 8 million members of the American labor movement.

Within the last month the metal

Says Edward Keating

... editor-manager since 1919 of "Labor," official weekly newspaper owned by 15 railroad labor organizations. His entrance into the publishing field came at age 14—as a copyholder on a Denver, Colo., newspaper. He edited Colorado newspapers for several years, was president of the State Board of Land Commissioners in 1911-13, and for three terms was a United States Congressman.

trades and the building trades, powerful organizations which have been militantly defending what they conceive to be their rights, have voluntarily submitted proposals which, for all practical purposes, will make strikes impossible during the period of the emergency. All they ask is that their employers meet them halfway and in the same spirit of willingness to sacrifice for the common cause.

In the immense transportation industry, the carriers and the 21 standard railroad labor organizations have learned how to settle their differences at the conference table. The machinery provided for the adjustment of disputes by the amended Railway Labor Act of 1933 has worked so smoothly that during 1940, according to the latest report of the United States Mediation Board, there was only one insignificant "walkout." It affected a switching corporation owned by a steel company, and was disposed of in a week.

It should be emphasized that this beneficent legislation was drafted by the unions, and was passed by Congress, despite the opposition of a powerful lobby representing the carriers. Today it is universally hailed as a "model law"—a monument to the vision and statesmanship of free workers.

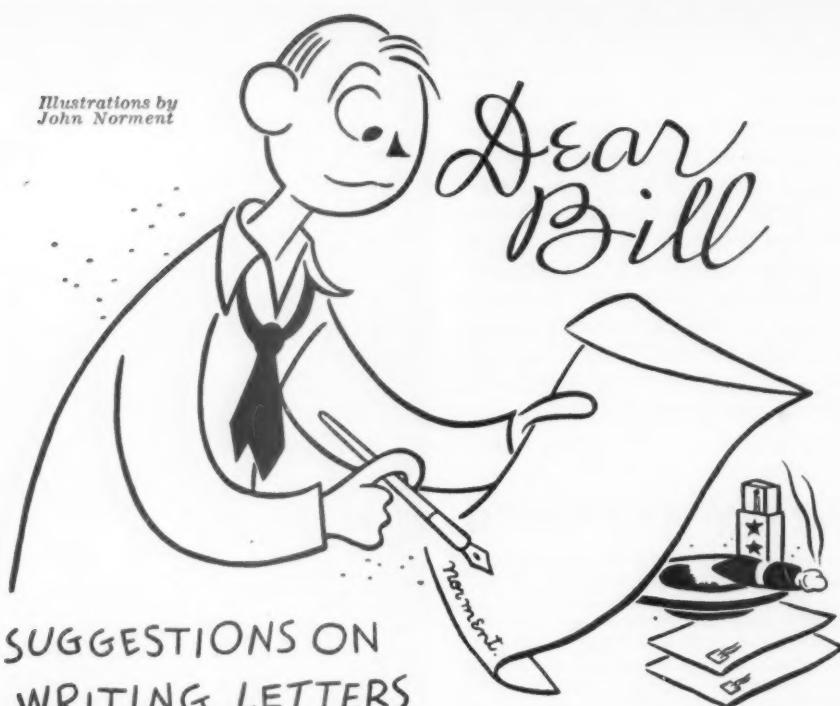


In other industries there is nothing to justify serious apprehension.

Of course, there are the exceptions which prove the rule, but, by and large, instead of seriously discussing a proposal which would literally dynamite industrial relations at a time when peace is absolutely vital, Americans should be on their knees thanking God that American workers, despite the almost unbelievable sufferings they have endured during the most appalling of depressions, have refused to be swept off their feet by the "isms" which threaten the very foundations of Christian civilization in a large part of the world.

Americans should remember, too, that there is nothing new about these proposals to "outlaw strikes." Almost all countries, and three or four of the States of the United States, have experimented along that line, and a candid examination of the record will demonstrate that in every instance a departure from the processes of democracy has provoked bitter class feeling, but has utterly failed to end strikes.

Proponents of antistrike legislation fail to understand that it is one thing to outlaw strikes and quite another to compel freemen to labor [Continued on page 56]



SUGGESTIONS ON WRITING LETTERS TO FRIENDS

BY
WALTER B. PITKIN

OLD PAL BILL moved away five years ago. How you miss him! He was your closest friend in Rotary. He proposed you for membership. If you could only drop in on him oftener! But he's 900 miles away—too far for a week-end drive. Twice a year you call him on the long-distance telephone, and hang the cost. But that's not often enough. . . .

Why don't you write Bill oftener? What's that? You can't seem to say the things you want to say in a letter? Yeh, I know.

Every time you start a letter to Bill, you fall into that old habit of saying: "Dear Sir: Yours of the 16th received and contents noted. . . ." That awful office patter! And to Bill!

Well, may I give you a few tips? You can break down the office patter if you'll put your mind to it. And once you've broken it down—well, you'll be glad you did.

There's one rule that tops all others here. It's important enough to tattoo it prominently on the back of your hand, where you'll

always see it when you write Bill.
WRITE AS YOU TALK.

I don't mean that you should write as you would address a Rotary District Conference. Write as you'd talk to Bill, if he and you were in a canoe two miles offshore on a calm evening.

You say you can't? Well, did you ever try? How hard did you try? Surely you don't expect to write personal letters well without hard work, do you? It's an art. Nobody ever mastered even a tenth-rate art without sweat and grief. Writing *personal* letters is a great art—but one any of us can master. Go to it.

But how? Well, start thus: Have writing material at hand whenever you chance to think of something you'd like to tell Bill. *Then write it down on the spot.* Don't put off the job. Form the habit of doing it *now*.

Yes, write it down on the spot. Stick the paper in your pocket. When you find time to write Bill, get that paper out and put down whatever you wrote on it. Copy it word for word.

Another trick. Talk to Bill aloud and report your words as you go. This guarantees the quality of conversation, if only you practice long enough.

As you proceed, keep in mind that Bill isn't pressed for time. So reverse the rule of a good busi-

ness letter. Say everything you want to say. Say it in as long and leisurely manner as you like. Bill will read it when he sits on his porch, relaxed after a day's toil. He won't complain if he spends half an hour over it.

Pay no attention to letter structure. Write as you talk. Nobody plans a conversation on the lines of a debate or a legal argument. Your remarks must flow along, turn, twist, meander like the well-known brook, with little bright flashes on the surface.

To get this loose, informal, easy effect, you must write at leisure. If time presses, don't write Bill. Better wait another week, rather than give Bill the impression that you cared so little about him that you took three minutes to dash off a phrase or two.

Another tip: In your office you surely dictate most of your business letters. Better drop that habit for Bill. It will help you escape the stiff patterns of business correspondence. Type your letters to him, or else write them in longhand. These methods force you to be more leisurely.

You may think me foolish now, for I'm going to suggest what you might say to Bill. However, the best letter writers I know all do what I'm now advising you to try.

Go in for gossip and go in for philosophizing.

You scorn gossip? Too bad. The world couldn't run without

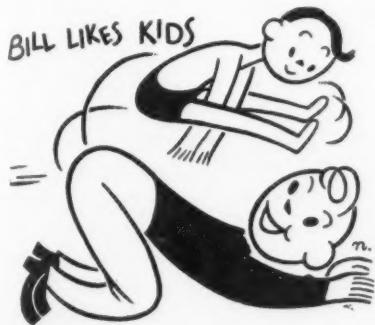


YOU'RE A RARE BIRD

gossip, my dear fellow. But just as there's good golf and bad golf, just as there's honest poker and dishonest poker, so there's good gossip and bad gossip. Don't condemn the art because so many of its practitioners are mean or petty or downright unskilled.

What's good gossip for Bill? Well, he left town five years ago, didn't he? He knew scores of people you still know. He's lost track of most of them, of course. He was in the wholesale leather business. Maybe he's dropped contacts there too which had better have been kept up.

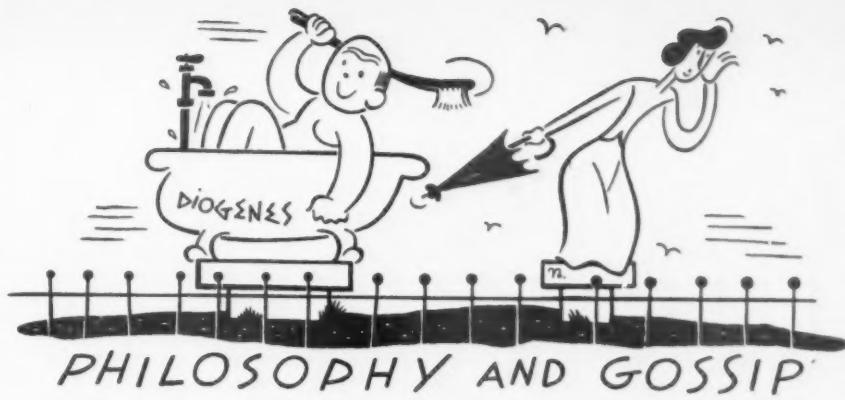
Bill was a Rotarian, also. Wouldn't he be pleased to get from you every crumb of news about old Rotary friends? Should they be forgotten and never brought to mind? Bill was always a plunger for turning that vacant corner on Fifth Street into a playground. Or was it installing an iron lung at Doc Jones' hospital? Bill worked hard to get it done



and he'll treasure every word that tells him of his pet project.

Gossip is news about places and men, gathered mostly by hearsay or from the local newspapers. Time is a river, and down it move all the flotsam and jetsam of humanity, along with the great and the powerful. Some bob along the surface of these waters for a while, only to sink of a sudden. Some strike a reef and crash. Some drift into a backwater and stagnate there. You are there. Bill is there. I am there. Everybody else is there. We like to think of ourselves as ships that pass in the night and signal each other in passing. We may not be ships. We may be only tragic little fragments adrift. Yet we want to know about all the other fragments and ships we have ever passed and hailed.

Sit down tonight. Jot down all the news about Bill's old acquaintances that you can recall. Write as you talk. Send it to Bill. Unless he is a rare old curmudgeon, he'll be tickled deep pink. But I warn you not to feed him on a straight diet of such gossip. Some



like it straight, but most businessmen don't. And this brings me to my second piece of advice. Philosophize!

Use your personal letters as a means of crystallizing your own thoughts on important matters.

Surely you realize the befuddlement of most people these days. Nobody knows where he or anybody else is going. Few people make earnest efforts to ascertain their own bearings and drift. Americans returning after long sojourns in other lands are stunned by the mental chaos they find.

"I haven't met anybody in eight weeks who had a clear objective with respect to any important matter. How can this country endure if people don't think things through?"

So spoke a veteran of the United States Department of State a few weeks ago, as we were discussing the impressions he had formed after a six-year absence from the country. His comment dittoes those of many distinguished Europeans.

Tell me honestly: have you thought things through to the point of being able to write down your conclusions? Suppose you try writing your opinion on any truly important matter beyond your own business. Let it be a matter of national or of worldwide concern. Let it be a matter of culture or politics or social welfare—whatever you prefer. Maybe the day's headlines or an editorial will prime your ink pump. Can you convey your outlook to Bill in a few letters?

If you can, you're a rare bird—and I'd like to get a letter from you. Perhaps a dozen letters a year. Frankly, I envy Rotarians who go to the great international

Conventions. Here you meet fine intelligent men from the ends of the earth, keen discerners, canny thinkers, articulate talkers. Any Rotarian Convention-goer who didn't sprout a friendship at Havana in June that he might later enrich by letter has missed a great opportunity for making life more interesting.

I'm lucky. I've several friends from whom I get a dozen or so letters every twelvemonth, some of whom I've never met or haven't seen for many a weary year. There's an old friend in California who writes me ten letters a year unfailingly, each reporting events in the State, along with Sacramento gossip, mostly political. He lifts every page far above the level of common gossip by philosophizing and by reporting the philosophizing of other people. He watches trends carefully and passes his keen impressions and forebodings on to me. Then there's another old friend in Washington who gives me startlingly accurate lowdown on many matters that never reach the newspapers. He, too, philosophizes always. Then there are my Shanghai friend, my London friend, and several Florida and Illinois friends. No two write alike. All do the same thing: they think as they gossip. And this, in my opinion, makes the finest personal letter in the world.

See why? Gossip is personally colored news, fresh, intimate, and swiftly moving. Taken alone, it is shallow and frothy. But when interpreted by a keen mind, or when used as a springboard from which to leap into the deeper waters of life, it is lively and zestful. Bill will love this kind of a letter from you. Write one NOW.



AMERICAN INDIAN Art

Comments by John Sloan

THE AMERICAN INDIAN, like most of us, knows little or nothing about art, but he knows what he likes. Like the rest of us, he is pretty well able to enjoy art and even to produce it at this humble but sensible stage. But again, like most of us, he is too concerned with what others think about

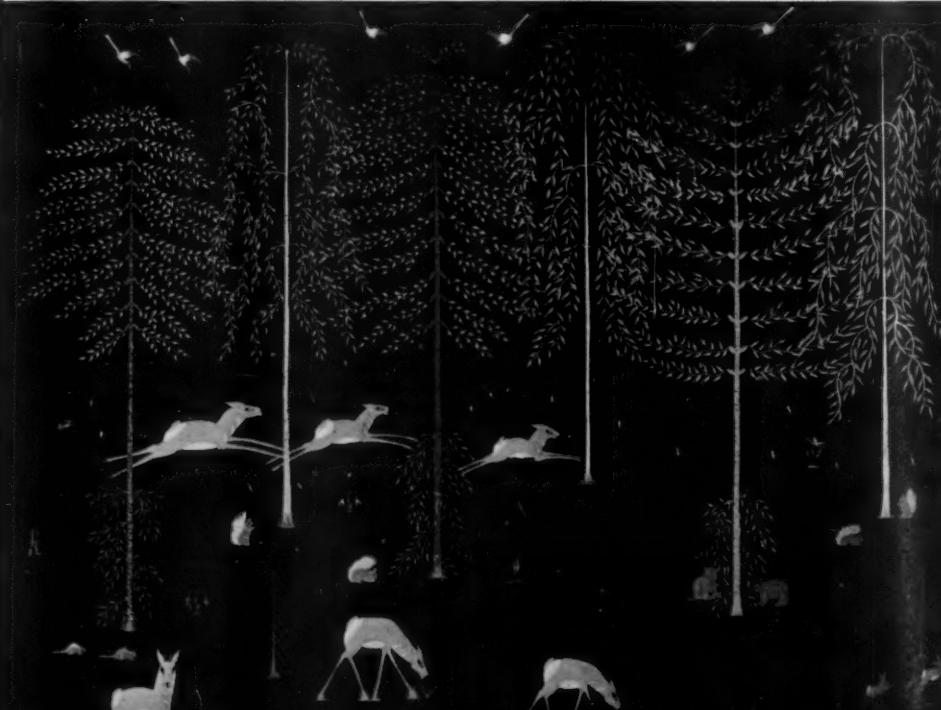
what he likes and makes. He is tempted to produce what will sell. Here again he is like the rest of us.

Indians are just as easily spoiled as we are by art advice, correction, and demands. Children and Indians need only encouragement and productive enthusiasm—not direction.

Pottery design and rug making are old arts with the American Indian, but drawing and painting are new phases of creation for them. The earliest sustained efforts date back about 25 years and were encouraged and fostered by the helpful interest and patronage of two Rotarians of Santa Fe, New Mexico—Dr. Edgar L. Hewett,* director of

the Museum of New Mexico, and John D. DeHuff (and Mrs. DeHuff), formerly of the Indian Service—and others. It is significant that much of this earliest work remains the best, and that these "old masters" still living have produced the truest Indian art. Several examples of it appear in this selection—including the cover. Most of the pieces are from a collection of Miss Amelia Elizabeth White, well-known patroness of Indian art, but the collections of other friends of America's first artists also are represented here.

* For the story of this man's impact on the culture of the Southwest, see *Santa Fe, Itself*, by Dr. James F. Zimmerman, in THE ROTARIAN for February, 1941.





HERE, at the left, is a really Indian painting—full of life, movement, and love of the subject, and free of European influence and sales motive. Pictureing a war dance, it is the work of Richard Martinez, of San Ildefonso pueblo in New Mexico, and it confirms the too-little appreciated fact that the Indian is a born artist with a fine sense of line and rhythm who has evolved for himself, during thousands of years, a form and content peculiarly his own. But tourist purchases, misdirection in the schools, and imposed European influences have damaged the healthy roots of Indian art, grafting on shoots of poster art and book illustration—and perhaps increasing sales! This painting, however, escaped such hurt. It is one of many shown here from the collection of Miss Amelia Elizabeth White, good friend of Indian art.

KOSHARE Climbing the Rainbow is what Awa Tsireh, oldest living "old master" of Indian painting, calls this handsomely grouped piece below. The rainbow arch, on which the Koshare—clowning ancestral spirits—crawl, rests on two rain altars, with the great serpent under all. Awa Tsireh, too, was born in San Ildefonso and took up where Crescencio, whose art started that pueblo toward its fame, left off. This also is from Miss White's rare collection.



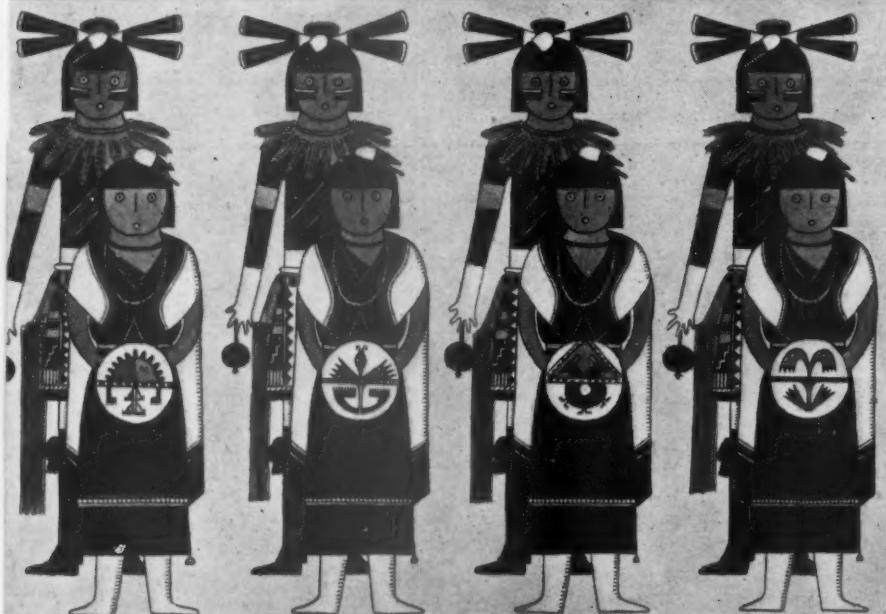
EE-YE-MU drew the two figures above from the Shalako ceremonies at Zuni pueblo, New Mexico. While it is an honest piece of work, I feel it is perhaps less significant than others shown here. . . . The corn-ceremonyancers at the right are by Tonita Peña (Quah-ah), of Cochiti pueblo, one of the most productive and at the same time most natural and sensitive of the Indian artists. She is self-taught, uneven, and has a weakness being too responsive to popular demand. In other words, being a woman, she is very practical. Both paintings are from a collection by Josephine Altman Case.

SUALLY, a sense of volume is of no interest to the Indian artist; he does not strive for a third-dimensional feeling. But Fred Kabotie, an "old master" of the Hopi pueblos, is an exception. Note the depth in his Hopi masked dancer (far left). . . . The exquisite forest scene (left) is from the hand of Pop Chalee, beauteous artist who is doubly Indian. Her father is an East Indian, her mother is of Taos pueblo, New Mexico. Indian artists, she feels, should "keep to their native arts."

Clark Ah.



HERE, too, in the fluid beauty of the painting above, I find real life, real Indian portrayal of it. Hoke Dantesosie, the young Navaho who painted it, had no instruction in anatomy, had no studio models. He merely lifted a scene from his daily life on the reservation and painted it with simple truth in every stroke... *Basket Dance—Eight Figures* (at the left) is another by Awa Tsireh, and is sure, strong, and authoritative. It also is one of Amelia Elizabeth White's prized items.



WOMAN'S Chorus for Ceremonial Dance (below left) is also by Awa Tsireh, who is well represented here, and justly so, for he is the most self-sufficient of Indian painters. Yet he needs appreciation, for Indian artists seem to droop without it. . . . An example of the more popular type of Indian art is this dancer below, decked out in sleigh bells, done in strong colors. The work of Hokeah (Kiowa), it impresses me as somewhat too closely related to theatrical-costume design.

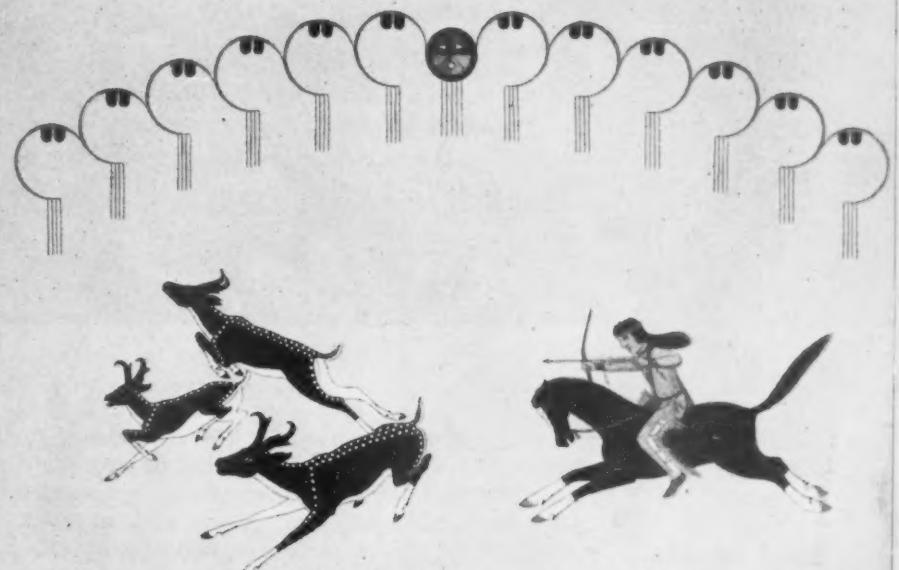


THE DASH to battle at the right was done by Oscar Howe, a Sioux Indian living at Pierre, South Dakota. To develop his native gift, he studied painting at the Santa Fe Indian School, then returned to his Northern tribes to teach art at an Indian school. Of this experience he says: "I found teaching very difficult, because Indian art and water-color painting are practically unknown here. Most of the students already had landscape painting with oil, taught by realistic oil painters. You can just imagine the change I had to do, and was not very successful either." Alluding to his own work he adds: "I'd say I haven't gone realistic."

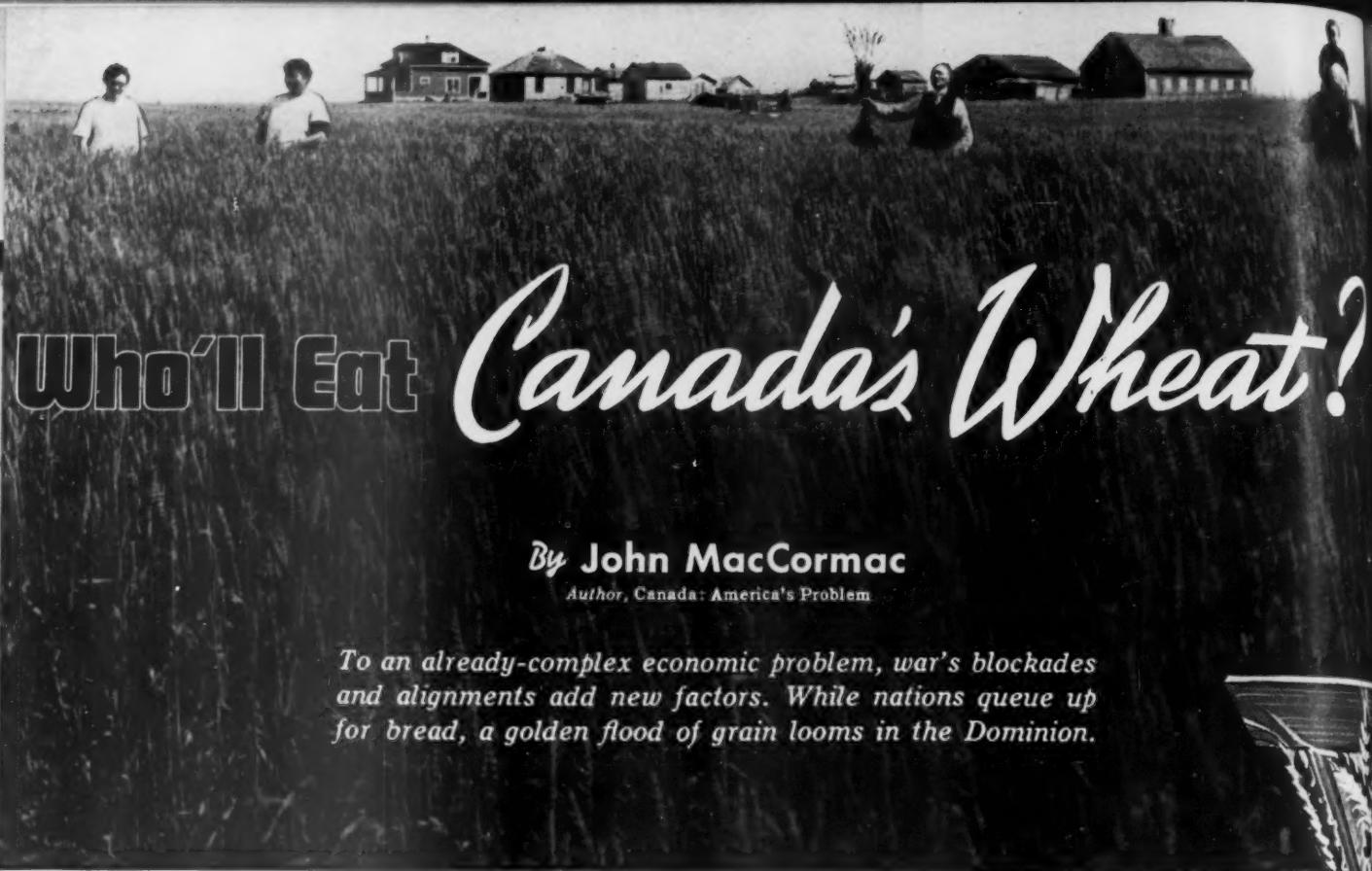
Another painting of similar subject by Oscar Howe is on display in a comprehensive exhibition of American Indian art now on view in the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The exhibition, which closes April 20, traces the growth of Indian art from prehistoric times to the present and embraces pottery, weaving, sculpture, and jewelry, as well as painting.

HERE, at the right, is Awa Tsireh in a decorative mood, showing a deer hunt progressing under the symbols of good wet weather so much desired in arid New Mexico. Back in 1918 it was my pleasure to enter some of the water colors of this artist and of his fellow man, Crescencio in a show of the Society of Independent Artists in New York, and since then, through other exhibitions and private collections, they have become the two perhaps best-known Indian painters. Through encouragement of this sort, little as it has been, dozens of Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and Arizona, a group of Kiowas in Oklahoma, and others elsewhere have worked hard and honestly to develop their indigenous art and to polish their unique style.

THE CORN DANCE and chorus below, Tonita Peña set her best, revealing a gentle ease which gives her work a feminine strength in design and coloring. . . . The constant necessity of pleasing purchasers is interfering with progress in art, and maybe it always will. Even Indians are being infected by the spirit of competition, which is poison to creative self-expression. The Indian artist must eat and too often must paint what he is told to paint. There is reason for fear that this pressure may cause the end of a great art. But such samples of it as we have seen here are evidence that it is worth almost everything to save it.



QUREAH



Who'll Eat Canada's Wheat?

By John MacCormac

Author, Canada: America's Problem

To an already-complex economic problem, war's blockades and alignments add new factors. While nations queue up for bread, a golden flood of grain looms in the Dominion.

Photo: Dept. of Interior, Canada

CANADA has too much wheat. Her elevators are jammed to the doors with it and on her farms the bins are bursting. Fifty-three million bushels of it are stored in the United States and more of it would be hoarded there if the space were available. And still the golden flood that should be pouring across the seas to its normal outlets in Europe and Asia is rising behind the barriers erected by the war and the blockade. Like King Midas, Canada threatens to be choked by her own treasure. While Europe queues up for bread, the best hard wheat in the world dams up in Canada from Halifax west to the Rockies.

The World War was the great day of the Canadian wheat farmer. When it began, he was supplying 14 percent of the wheat the world imported. Six years after it was over he was supplying almost 50 percent. Lean years came—years in which a fearful Europe was preparing in peace for the next war and striving by means of import restrictions and domestic subsidies to render itself self-sufficient in bread, no matter how high the price. The Western wheat grower languished. His domestic market had to be sup-

ported by Government intervention of one kind or another while his export wheat squeezed itself around quotas and over tariffs, sometimes with the aid of subsidies. And then came the second world war. The Canadian farmer breathed more easily. "A bad wind," he admitted, "but it will blow me good, as it did the last time."

His hopes have been disappointed. The new world war is not the old one. It has restricted rather than enlarged the export wheat market. Of what market there is, the Canadian wheat farmer is getting the lion's share, but it is not enough. It is not enough because the Canadian West produced a wheat crop in 1940 of 561 million bushels, only a fraction less than the record crop of 567 million bushels that it grew in 1928.

In 1919 such a crop would have been a blessing to Canada and to the world. It would have fetched \$2 a bushel. That it comes now after many lean years is an ironic coincidence which helps no one. The Canadian farmer, far from getting \$2 for it, considers himself lucky to receive 70 cents a bushel for that part of his wheat which

he can induce the Wheat Board to take off his hands. To date that is something between a third and a half of his crop. The rest the farmer has to store on his own farm. In 1919 the whole world was hungry for North American wheat. But now, of the wheat-importing countries of Europe which would normally need 400 million bushels, only Spain and Portugal will this year be allowed to have any and what will go to them will scarcely total 30 million bushels.

There remain Great Britain and Ireland, which will need some 225 million bushels. At the end of July the British Ministry of Food bought 100 million bushels of Canadian cash wheat. It was the largest such transaction on record. Toward the end of September the British Government, it was revealed, was holding 170 million bushels of grain on its account in Canada.

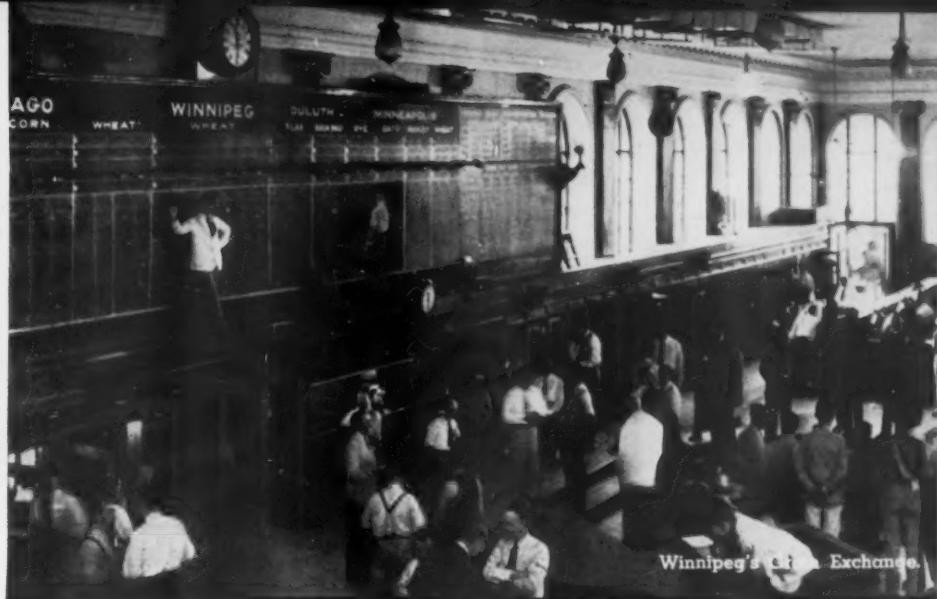
But all this was only a small dent in Canada's huge visible supply this year. To the new crop of 561 millions must be added a carryover

of 273 millions. This meant that Canada had 834 million bushels to dispose of on August 1, 1940, an all-time record. There was no hope of selling it. There was great difficulty even in storing it. Canada's commercial wheat-storage capacity is 430 million bushels.

It was hard luck for the Canadian farmer. It was especially hard for the Saskatchewan wheat grower, who had been plagued by drought for five years on end. And then after dry Summers came even drier winds which blew the loosened topsoil away and left him and his buildings marooned in a desert of dust. Saskatchewan is the granary of Canada, which is one of the granaries of the world. But since it will grow wheat and nothing else, more than a third of Saskatchewan's farmers became direct recipients of Government bounty and all shared indirectly in the price pegging and crop bonusing by means of which the Government at Ottawa sought to keep farming alive until better days should come.

Across the border the American wheat grower was also feeling the drought. Like his Canadian cousin, he had found himself in 1919 with a world market unlimited in space and had forgotten that it might be limited in time. He too had added to his acreage and his mortgage, had watched bewildered while Europe, after gorging itself, pulled in its belt in preparation for a new war, had seen the price of wheat drop like a stone and his share of the national income decrease by 50 percent.

But the United States could afford to subsidize its farmers better than Canada could. Eighty-



five percent of the United States wheat crop is consumed internally, and the law of diminishing returns is still in operation. A pegged domestic price and parity payments could mean relative prosperity for the American farmer. But less than 25 percent of Canada's wheat crop is used at home.

The fortunes of the prairie wheat grower are willy-nilly tied to the world wheat market and there is not a great deal the Canadian Government can do about it. What successive Governments could do they did. For five years the administration headed by Mr. R. B. Bennett pegged wheat prices, although in the process a 225-million-bushel surplus accumulated and hung like a Damoclean sword over the market and the Government's finances. Then came the severe droughts of 1934, 1935, and 1936. The Mackenzie King government which succeeded Mr. Bennett's in 1935 was able to sell out the surplus.

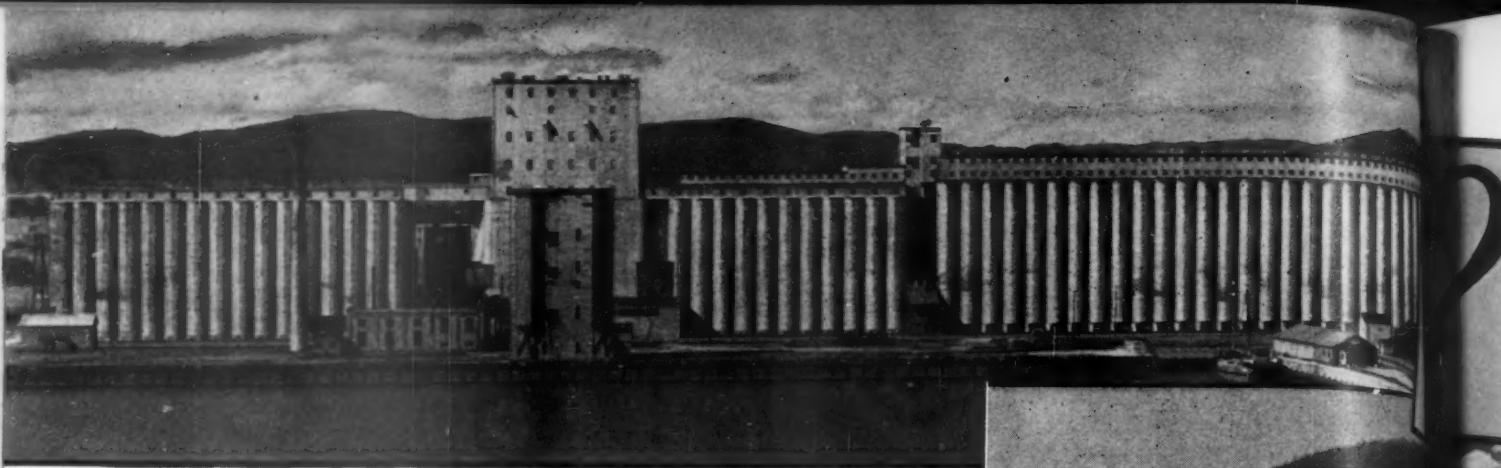
The West breathed more easily. So did the East, for the banks and



Photos: (top down) (1) Sawders from Kaufman-Fabry, (2) Canada Steamship Lines, (3) Kaufman-Fabry



A typical skyline in the Prairie Provinces.



Photos: (above) Sawders from Kaufman-Fabry, (right) R. S. Kramer

finance companies of Eastern Canada have invested heavily in the Prairie Provinces where the export grain is grown, as well as in the securities of the Federal and Provincial Governments whose finances were also involved in its fortunes. Not only had the Federal Government been obliged to help the farmer, but also to subsidize the government of the Prairie Provinces, which otherwise would have gone bankrupt. The Alberta Government, headed by that remarkable exponent of unorthodox finance, William Aberhart, did make a limited experiment in repudiation.

And then came the war, the invasion of Norway and Denmark and The Netherlands and Belgium, and the collapse of France. They had all been good customers of Canada, if not so good as 20 years earlier. And now they were under German control and must be denied bread lest it serve to bolster the new order which had been proclaimed in Europe. Italy, which was an ally last time, had become an enemy. This mattered less, for one of the things Musso-

lini has done has been to make Italy self-sufficient in grain growing. This left Asia and the British Isles as world wheat markets. But Asia also was at war, China has been overrun, and Japan has been pulling in her belt. There is a pronounced wheat shortage in China and the countries of the yen bloc this year, partly because in recent years they have been turning to bread rather than to rice, but there is little chance of satisfying it from North America's surplus. Curiously enough Russia, once one of the world's greatest exporters, recently sought to buy 5 million bushels of Canadian wheat. But its ultimate destination was suspect.

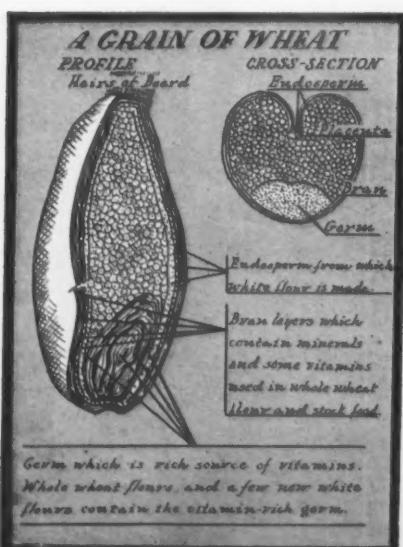
What of the next few years? For the United States the lesson to be learned from Canada's glut is that she might as well forego the world wheat market. Despite the dropping of the British preference on Canadian wheat in 1938 as one of the conditions of the new Anglo-American trade agreement of that year and experimentation with export subsidies, American wheat exports have diminished from the 240 million bushels of 1901 to a mere trickle. For Canada the lesson is even harsher. Unless the war ends suddenly she will be left at the beginning of another crop year with a carryover of perhaps 500 million bushels. Already the elevators are filled to capacity and although the quota of deliveries to them was recently increased as a result of the plights of the Prairie Provinces, there are huge quantities of wheat left high, but perhaps not always dry, on the farms.

Only one solution presents itself and that is crop restriction. But since Western farms vary greatly in size, a flat acreage allowance would result in glaring inequities. A percentage decrease



would need an army of inspectors for its enforcement and Canada has other things for its men to do now that a war is on. The Canadian Government cannot afford to follow the example of the United States Government and pay its farmers *not to grow wheat*.

What to do? There has been much talk about it. On the whole those who have to do commercially or officially with prairie agriculture oppose Government enforcement of acreage reduction. They think it would be better to leave the onus on the farmer himself. The lesson would be driven home, they think, by the sight of his wheat piling up on his own farm because he was unable to sell it to the Dominion Wheat Board. The Wheat Board would announce before the crop was sown the amount of grain it would take. The rest would be up to the farmer. If he wanted to take a gamble on the future, he could institute an "ever-normal granary" of his own. The Western wheat pools, which since 1923 have owned and operated elevators and functioned as producers' co-operatives, have suggested that the Board take delivery in the



MAMMOTH elevators like this one at Quebec bulge with grain—and the Dominion of Canada faces another heavy harvest. Normal markets are greatly curtailed by war in European countries. There a great question looms: Can millions of peasants, such as these pictured below, meet the urgent need for bread in the year ahead?



crop year 1941-42 of only the 250 million bushels which it is believed may be sold.

Such measures might meet the situation if the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, J. G. Gardiner, is not overoptimistic in believing that the Canadian wheat problem will take care of itself in five years. In a speech in the Ottawa Parliament Mr. Gardiner estimated that the Dominion could dispose of 2,230,000,000 bushels by 1945. Of this 1,430,000,000 bushels would be for export and the rest for home consumption. The estimate was based on the assumption that the war would last another two years.

Critics have complained that the Minister in making his prediction assumed that Canada would increase her own consumption of wheat from 120 million to 160 million bushels and that Great Britain would take 70 percent of her requirements from the Dominion whereas normally she has taken only 40 to 50 percent. They point out that there is Australia to be considered, as well as the Argentine. They hope the Minister is right, but are themselves far less optimistic. They foresee

a radical acreage reduction and a continuing storage problem.

The future of North American wheat growing is impossible to predict. No matter who wins the war, the European peasant will insist on growing his bread and Hungary and Rumania will have grain surpluses. But Russia, once a large exporter, is unlikely with its increasing industrialization to become again a competitor in world markets. It may perhaps be assumed that Europe will always need to import some 400 or 500 million bushels and the United Kingdom 200 or 225. With Canada, Australia, and the Argentine as competitors, the United States is not likely to be greatly interested in supplying this demand. The price, indeed, may be so competitive that even the Canadian West may eventually see something like the Soviet collective farm as the only alternative to depopulation or the completely mechanized operation of huge estates by the mortgage companies.

Meanwhile the wheat impasse in Canada is having important political effects. Like gold, wheat during the long course of history has traditionally made and unmade Governments. The disasters that befell its cultivators in the United States helped to blast Herbert Hoover out of office in 1932. Before now it has had serious effects on the political fortunes of the Liberal party, which now once again reigns at Ottawa.

The Canadian farmer contrasts his lot enviously today with that of the American wheat grower south of the border. For wheat on the farm he is getting the equivalent of only about 50 cents a bushel. The North Dakota farmer, on the other hand, can get 69 cents a bushel under Government loan and another 18 cents of conservation or parity payments. The Canadian farmer sees the Eastern manufacturer prospering from war orders while he finds himself worse off in war than he was in peace. He wonders whether there is any place for him in the modern world, asks himself bewildered what has become of the law of supply and demand, and doubts that world trade in wheat will ever be revived. These threats to his economic security

are making him politically class-conscious.

The outcome may be a revival of a farmers' movement like that which in 1921 returned a Progressive party second in numbers only to the Liberals. The Co-operative Commonwealth Foundation—Canada's mildly Socialist-Farmer-Labor party—has already tried to capitalize this feeling. It organized protest meetings in Saskatchewan in September and October. Another sign of the times has been the formation of a coalition government in Manitoba under its perennial Liberal-Progressive premier, John Bracken. It includes, beside Mr. Bracken's own Liberal-Progressives, members of the Conservative, CCF, and Social Credit parties.

Although it is hard to see what Ottawa can do about it other than what it is already doing, it may be important for the fortunes of Mr. Mackenzie King's government that the estimate by his Minister of Agriculture of the marketability of Canada's wheat during the next five years should prove less overoptimistic than it seems.

Here is a tough problem. The whole world will be affected by the solution men work out.

The Wobbly Staff of Life

The predicament of the world's wheat growers has become acute since the war started, but it is nothing new—as readers of THE ROTARIAN's debate-of-the-month *Should We Insure the Wheat Crop?* (April, 1937) will recall. Another informative article is *What about Wheat?* (Business Week, July 20, 1940).

Wheat has, within recent months, made newspaper headlines other than as a problem. A Morris, Illinois, miller discovered ways of turning whole wheat into flour which will retain the vitamin-rich germ, remain wholesome indefinitely, and make white bread. *The Reader's Digest* presented the story—*New Strength for the Staff of Life*—in April, 1940.





YES **Karl Miller**

*Dodge City, Kansas
Past Rotary Director*

FORMER President Herbert Hoover declared in these columns last month that:

"I consider it likely that 37 million persons in Norway, The Netherlands, Belgium, and Poland will be short of food this Winter. There are 15 million persons in the towns and cities of those countries who will be exhausted of all food before the time of the next harvest unless they have relief from somewhere."*

Add to that the fact that the New World has an abundance of food which is being kept from the victims of Axis aggression by the double blockade maintained by Britain and Germany, and you have the broad outlines of the problem before us. Mr. Hoover has proposed a plan for sending food to Europe. In this discussion we assume that it or another will be found practicable if it is deemed desirable for the democratic nations of the West to furnish the food.

Cutting to the core of our problem, I submit two propositions:

First: The very people on the Continent of Europe who believe in the democratic way of living are the persons now suffering most from lack of food. This is self-evident.

Second: Their capacity to keep alive there the democratic idea now and their potential ability to restore democratic ability in the future depend upon their physical and psychological well-being.

We who believe in what we so glibly call "democracy" cannot, indeed we dare not, overlook the fact that our Continental friends were defeated defending our democratic philosophy. I could, but I do not here, urge helping them on purely humanitarian grounds; rather, I say that one good reason we should help them if we can is that they are our allies in spirit.

* *Hope in a Poorer World, THE ROTARIAN, February, 1941.*

Shall the Western Hemisphere...

We should not abandon them simply because they were crushed by overwhelming force. Ingratitude for their sacrifices would, to paraphrase Shakespeare, be "the most unkindest cut of all" the tribulations heaped upon them.

Suppose the democratic nations of the New World do make no effort to supply them with food which they need so sorely. They would hardly be human if they failed to resent this desertion by their ideological compatriots, simply because the tide of war turned against them. Resenting our action, benefiting by whatever supplies an efficient conqueror might let them have, exposed to a persistent totalitarian propaganda, their enthusiasm for the democratic way would certainly wane.

So far, the conquered peoples have been cool to their totalitarian overlords. But if the Poles, the Belgians, the Norwegians, the French, and others were actively to coöperate with their conquerors, they could accelerate the wheels of their industries which would make Britain's position vastly more difficult. They might supply military and naval aid. "Unoccupied France" has still strong remnants of its Navy and many airplanes.

SUCH eventualities are not at all improbable. I suggest that no matter how strongly entrenched may be a belief in democracy in these subjugated countries, they will object to being sacrificed by slow starvation to a British victory, and that before they do starve they will be inclined to look with favor upon the Naziism and Fascism which permit them to have such food as they do get.

There is a strange inconsistency, it seems to me, in a blockade policy which avowedly seeks to create so acute a shortage of food among the overrun democracies that their peoples will stir up insurrection and eventually revolt. Desperation may cause a few people to make local trouble, which is to invite machine guns—and oblivion. But is it not too much to

WHEN ANY new proposal is made, men themselves two questions: (1) Is it desirable? and (2) is it practicable? . . . Because the latter of those main issues is complex and raises additional questions which can be answered only after nations concerned have agreed upon a trial, this debate of

expect courage and cunning, necessary for a successful revolt, from people emaciated and sick?

Starvation will be a doubtful weapon at best in this war. In the World War, the Allies took four years to reduce food supplies of the Central Powers to the point that contributed to their victory. This time the Axis nations have feverishly been building up their supplies and productive capacity for years. The blockade's blow, thus, falls hardest upon the occupied nations.

Famine is a two-edged sword. Concede that it was used effectively in the World War of 1914-18, one still can ask whether it also sowed the seed for the present conflict. Children who reach maturity with rickety legs and hollow chests are apt also to have distorted ideas.

Even if feeding distressed people of the occupied territories should have little or no effect upon the military outcome of the present war, then does not consideration of our question shift to the future? Can we hope to have a democratic renaissance in Europe after Britain has won if the very people who must bring it about are weakened in body and spirit—if, indeed, they have survived?

Food sent to them now, with adequate safeguards to make sure that it is used by them alone, will keep up their morale and their bodies. What actual help they may be able to give the British while the war is on may be problematical, but after it is over, surely they will be better able to help give a new birth to freedom on the Continent of Europe. If democratic principles do not prevail there, it is any man's guess how long they can survive elsewhere on this planet!

Starved Axis-Occupied Countries?

is limited to the first issue. And the f "desirability" is: Would the pro- further democracy's cause now and future? Both men, it should be noted, Americans, expressing their opinions, are not necessarily the views of "The American" or of Rotary International.—Eds.

IT IS NOT within the province of this debate to discuss whether or not Mr. Hoover's plan for getting food to distressed nations in Europe will work or fail. But it is apropos to our question that intimations have come from Germany that it would be agreeable to have its conquered peoples fed by food from across the Atlantic, and that Britain opposes the proposition. Both nations must be given credit for a realistic desire to win the war. Britain's opposition can only be based upon a belief that the cause of democracy, for which she fights, is better served by reducing supplies on the Continent to the point where the shortage weakens her foe. In short, then, we are discussing a military policy which seeks to win a war for democracy and to defeat totalitarianism.

Wallace R. Deuel, a correspondent lately returned to America from Germany, writing in the Chicago *Daily News* of January 14, says, "The German people can most effectively be made to feel the war much more acutely by action which would force a reduction in food rations and other supplies within the Reich and by the carrying of actual military operations into Germany on a much larger scale than it has been possible to carry to them thus far."

To that statement, few who believe in the cause of democracy will object. Germany in need of food will be easier to conquer than Germany well fed. Corollaries of that statement hold true as well. To the degree that German food supplies are reduced, German resistance will weaken, and victory for Britain will come sooner.

Even in normal times, Continental Europe was only 90 percent self-sufficient. If the needed

10 percent were interrupted, serious disbalance in national economies resulted. The blockade which has cut off that 10 percent has been abetted by Nature, for last Summer's crops throughout Europe were seriously subnormal. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, the differential between supply and demand has already widened in Germany, and will continue to widen if public opinion of nonbelligerent nations does not coerce Britain into permitting food to be sent to occupied territories.

But why, you may ask, and how will feeding the conquered people benefit the Axis?

There are several reasons starting with the moral obligation of a conquering nation to feed the conquered while its forces occupy their country. This is sanctioned by international law and by realistic necessity. If there is any point in the contention of Mr. Hoover that the Poles and the Belgians and the others would be grateful to democratic nations for feeding them, it would apply as well to the Germans feeding them. And it is important from the German point of view to keep peoples under their dominion reasonably well fed and satisfied.

WHY? The Axis powers, first of all, need the coöperation of people in conquered territories to mine coal and iron and to fabricate it and, in general, to keep the wheels of industry running as normally as possible. Disaffected people are prone to sabotage and to aid the enemy in various ways.

A second reason for Germany not wanting to alienate these people is that, should starvation force them to clashing with the military, needed soldiers may be taken from other fronts. Reports are meager, but newspaper readers in the Americas are told that relatively few police are stationed in towns and cities of, say, Denmark. But if here, there, and everywhere citizens were to rebel, it would be necessary to garrison these places heavily.

A third point is that the Axis



no **Frank Barnes**
Manistee, Michigan
Past Rotary Director

powers avowedly regard this war as an ideological conflict between totalitarianism and democracy. They look ahead to the day when, having won, they will need the coöperation of subject peoples.

That these are not specious reasons is evidenced by the reports that Germany is already to a degree sharing her supplies. As early as last December, *Business Week* noted that the Germans were sending potatoes and fodder to occupied territories.

Continuing the blockade may, in some cases, create resentment in The Netherlands and Norway and other subjugated nations. That is to be expected. But it is probably safe to count upon a fairly general understanding among the victims of the military necessity for their sacrifices; they will recall how effective was the blockade upon Germany during the last war.

The present war is, more than any in all history, a so-called "total war." Folks at home in overrun countries know they may be called upon to suffer as much as their soldiers did battering the invader. And there is not a great choice between injury or death by starvation or by bombs. If sufficient internal distress on the Continent results from the British blockade, thousands and even millions of lives ultimately may be saved in lands which now, or in the future, courageously defend the cause of democracy. I wish facts were otherwise, but we must face facts.

War is not nice. At its best, it still is what Sherman is said to have called it. Starvation is cruel—but so is a policy that would prolong this war. It seems to me, as 15 prominent Americans declared in a recent statement, "between the agony of empty stomachs for a time in one part of the world and the agony of stricken souls in every part of the world there can be but one choice."



"Look, cellos—a piece of paper with notes on it. But that isn't music really. Music is in the souls. Now look at this paper. That's music. Now look at me. We will make music—lot of little notes!"—Stokowski at rehearsal



THE harbor at Rio de Janeiro—with Sugarloaf, sentinel-like, in the background.



RIO'S baroque Municipal Theater, where Director Stokowski's All-American Youth Orchestra won its initial triumph.

Photos: (top left) Shumsky; (top right) Hess; (above) Rosenfeld

MUSIC is one of the best possible mediums for creating goodwill among the Americas. I believe that profoundly, now, because last Summer I saw the proof of it on a tour through Latin America of the All-American Youth Orchestra.

Music is, one often hears, a universal language. It is true. When you listen to a speaker or read a book, you may not understand the language. If you do, you may

agree or disagree. That does not happen when you listen to music. It needs no words. Its strains go directly to that part of ourselves we have in common with all men: the human soul. When their souls are attuned to the emotional message of great music, men are as brothers in a land in which hate and conflict do not dwell.

Such beliefs underlie the All-American Youth Orchestra. For years I had wanted to bring to-

gether youthful musical talent, fired with enthusiasm and vitality, and through them as persons and through their music carry a message of goodwill from North to South America. We would play great music of all ages and music representative of the Western Hemisphere. We would hope that our efforts would inspire friends of the South to organize their orchestras and return our visit.

Even my great expectations

Harmony in the Americas



By Leopold Stokowski
As Told to Doron K. Antrim

were exceeded. Goodwill was ours from the start of the trip. From the moment we set foot on South American soil in Rio de Janeiro, to the hour when we left 30,000 citizens of the Dominican Republic cheering in Ramfis Park in Trujillo, our hosts responded spontaneously to the extraordinary youthful talent we had brought and the spirit behind the adventure.

Wherever we went, we had the wholehearted coöperation not only of the American embassies, legations, and consulates, but also of the highest officials in the country visited as well as its leading artists and musicians. No international cultural project was ever undertaken in more trying times and circumstances: war in Europe, fear and uncertainties all over the world.

What American youth can really do if given the opportunity—that is one of the amazing things about this orchestra. It has always been thought that it takes 20 years to make a symphony orchestra. We made this one in two weeks last July. If they can do this in music, they can do it in other fields. Here is something for businessmen to think about.

YOU ask how this All-American Youth Orchestra came into being. The story goes back several years. It starts with a tour I made with the Philadelphia Orchestra all over the United States and parts of Canada and Mexico. Many young musicians came, wistfully, earnestly, asking to play for me. I soon noticed that something new was abroad in the land: a young generation unprecedentedly talented in music, unfettered by tradition, typically American.

I recall one violinist. He was a superb artist, capable of playing

in a great symphony orchestra. But there was no such organization within miles of his home and he could find no outlet for his tremendous urge to express himself in music. He confessed that he thought at times of suicide.

There were others like him. These youthful players felt, and rightly so, that talent for music which Nature had given them could and should serve their communities and nation. But, not unnaturally, they believed that while using their talents they should earn their living. I decided something must be done, without disturbing existing orchestras or employment, to give these boys and girls their chance.

Eventually, we got started. Fifteen thousand young musicians from every State in the Union were auditioned through facilities of the National Youth Administration. There were no restrictions of race, creed, or sex. Indeed, I expected to—and did—find colored boys with a wonderful sense of rhythm for percussion instruments. Nor was inexperience a bar. I simply sought musical talent and technical mastery of instruments, for players so equipped develop experience of the repertoire with amazing speed. And I wanted boys and girls not too routined in attitude toward music because players coming to music with enthusiasm and freshness often reach high levels of musical expression.

I expected to find great talent, but I discovered more and of a higher degree of capacity than I believed existed. Out of the great reservoir we tapped, 80 young men and 20 young women were finally selected. These, together with a few first-chair men from the Philadelphia Orchestra, made up the organization. After an in-

tensive rehearsal, we were ready.

Our ship was late in docking at Rio de Janeiro, but a special boat came out for us. You can imagine the thrill—no other word expresses it—that tingled the spines of our boys and girls, many of whom had never been away from their homeland, as they slipped down over the side of our vessel to the waiting craft and saw the brilliant lights from the world's most beautiful city making rippled paths of gold over the harbor. A crowd was at the dock to greet us, and little boys reached friendly hands through iron gratings and shouted welcoming words in English.

THE audience at the great baroque Municipal Theater had patiently waited for us two whole hours. The house was full. Boxes glittered with silks and diamonds, set off by immaculate tailcoats. It was a scene reminiscent of the *Opera in old Paris*—at its best. Our program began with Bach's *Fugue in G Minor*, calculated to appeal to the Latin temperament. It did. So did Brahms' *First Symphony*, which showed off to advantage the skill and the feeling of our young musicians. On went the program, mounting the while in intensity and color, each break punctuated by *Bravos!* and applause that inspired our players to their best. At the conclusion of the concert the audience surged down and around the stage, showing no disposition to let us go.

It was like that at all our appearances. And we played twice as many concerts as originally booked in Brazil and, in addition to our theater appearances, gave concerts over the radio in Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Trinidad, and the Dominican Republic. An incident in Trinidad was typical



THE California maidens found South American beaches as delightful as those at home.

couraged to return to their homes and form State or community youth orchestras, so that the All-American will increasingly become a school whose alumni will carry music over the nation.*

Youths having talent in music should have their opportunities just as much as those whose talents fit them for business and professions. And what finer inter-American ambassadors of goodwill can there be than young people who express themselves through the universal language?

Let the gray-heads quibble as they will about differences that keep the Americas apart. While they are talking, young people are going ahead and webbing the continents with friendliness. Our All-American boys and girls were conscious of no temperamental gulf—for what nation is more representative of all nations than their own, the United States? The chief difficulty they experienced was in language, but fortunately as Spanish—or Portuguese—is more generally taught in North American schools and English in countries where Spanish—or Portuguese—is spoken, that barrier will go.

The Americas can be—and should be—one. Youth decrees it!

* The first Sunday in May—the opening day of National Music Week in the United States—has been designated as Inter-American Music Day. Those wishing information may write to C. M. Tremaine, secretary, National Music Week Committee of the United States, 45 West 45th Street, New York, New York.

Photo Palmer Pictures



of the friendliness we found everywhere. Our theater faced a square where the traffic and sound of automobile horns made considerable din. I "wondered" aloud if something could not be done to reduce the noise—and instantly a man at the back of the house arose, saying he would attend to the matter. He was, I later learned, the Mayor. At his order, streets were roped off—and the concert went off beautifully.

Such eager friendliness made a great impression on our youths. No doubt they are still talking of the ride with the Mayor's son in Montevideo, Uruguay; the cable-car rides to Sugar Loaf in Rio and the São Paulo Mountains—and the great, juicy steaks to be had everywhere at such nominal cost. Especially enjoyable was the after-concert social life. Many young musicians were invited to private homes and public affairs. Some of our group spoke Spanish and not a few South Americans spoke English, so a lively interchange of opinions took place.

Our last day in Brazil was by order of President Vargas declared a legal holiday and named National Youth Day. Arrangements have been made for the creation of a Brazilian Youth Orchestra, similar to our All-American Youth Orchestra, which we hope will some day tour North America and further cultural accord between the continents.

BUENOS AIRES' modernity impressed the musicians. Here is one of the entrances to the subway—reputedly the world's finest.

ROTARY ON THE MARCH in IBERO-AMERICA

Itinerary of
President Armando de Arruda Pereira
November 1940 to January 1941

THE GROWTH of Rotary in the Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking countries of the Western Hemisphere is remarkable. The first Club in this region was founded in Cuba on June 1, 1916. It was not until February 1, 1919, that the first South American Rotary Club was started, at Montevideo, Uruguay. From that time on, the increase in interest and in Clubs has been rapid.

For instance, in the period from July 1, 1940, to January 15, 1941, 12 new Rotary Clubs were admitted in Argentina, and the other nations have not lagged far behind. Some idea of the spread of the Rotary ideal can be gathered from plain, unvarnished statistics:

On July 1, 1931, there were 191 Clubs with 5,271 members in 18 countries.

On July 1, 1936, there were 272 Clubs with 7,802 members in 18 countries.

On January 15, 1941, there were 496 Clubs with 12,374 members in 19 countries.

No less a barometer of the spread of Rotary is the necessary increase in the number of Districts, or administrative units. The record shows that Cuba was the first country to be districted, when it was joined with Georgia, Florida, and Alabama in 1917 to form one District.

In 1918, Puerto Rico was added to this District.

In 1922, Mexico was made a District, the first purely Latin-American one.

In 1927, South and Central America were made into three Districts: Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay made one; Chile, a second; and Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Panama, and Central America, the third.



In January, 1941, the total number of Districts in Latin America reached 22, and no countries were undistricted.

In all the Latin-American countries, with the exception of Brazil, Spanish is the official language. In Brazil it is Portuguese. *Revista Rotaria*, Spanish edition of *The Rotarian*, circulates in all of Latin America.

Brazil is the home of Armando de Arruda Pereira, the first South American President of Rotary International.

Here is a brief glimpse at the Rotary history of the Latin-American countries:

ARGENTINA. First Club founded at Buenos Aires, in 1920. In January, 1941, there were 103 Clubs and 2,351 members.

BOLIVIA. First Club at La Paz, in 1927. 1941—11 Clubs, 340 members.

BRAZIL. First Club at Rio de Janeiro, in 1923. January, 1941—77 Clubs, 1,886 members.

COLOMBIA. First Club at Bogotá, in 1927. 1941—18 Clubs, 420 members.

COSTA RICA. First Club at San José, in 1927. 1941—1 Club, 40 members.

CUBA. First Club at Havana, in 1916 (first Club in Ibero-America). 1941—40 Clubs, 1,077 members.

CHILE. First Club at Santiago, in 1925. 1941—86 Clubs, 2,461 members.

ECUADOR. First Club at Guayaquil, in 1927. 1941—16 Clubs, 365 members.

GUATEMALA. First Club at Guatemala City, in 1925. 1941—1 Club, 35 members.

HONDURAS. First Club at Tegucigalpa, in 1929. In January—4 Clubs, 74 members.

MEXICO. First Club at Mexico City, in 1921. 1941—53 Clubs, 1,195 members.

NICARAGUA. First Club at Managua, in 1929. 1941—2 Clubs, 41 members.

PANAMA. First Club at Panama City, in 1919. 1941—3 Clubs, 119 members.

PARAGUAY. First Club at Asuncion, in 1928. 1941—4 Clubs, 80 members.

PERU. First Club at Lima, in 1922. In January—36 Clubs, 735 members.

PUERTO RICO. First Club at San Juan, in 1918. In January—8 Clubs, 359 members.

EL SALVADOR. First Club at San Salvador, in 1927. 1941—2 Clubs, 51 members.

URUGUAY. First Club at Montevideo, in 1919 (first South American Club). In January—24 Clubs, 557 members.

VENEZUELA. First Club at Caracas, in 1926. 1941—7 Clubs, 198 members.

Illustration by Ben Albert Benson



FIRST LANDFALL was at Barranquilla, Colombia. With Andres F. Dasso, International Service member of the Aims and Objects Committee, returning to his

home in Lima, Peru, President Pereira walked across the quay, surrounded by members of the local Rotary Club, including Past District Governor Main.



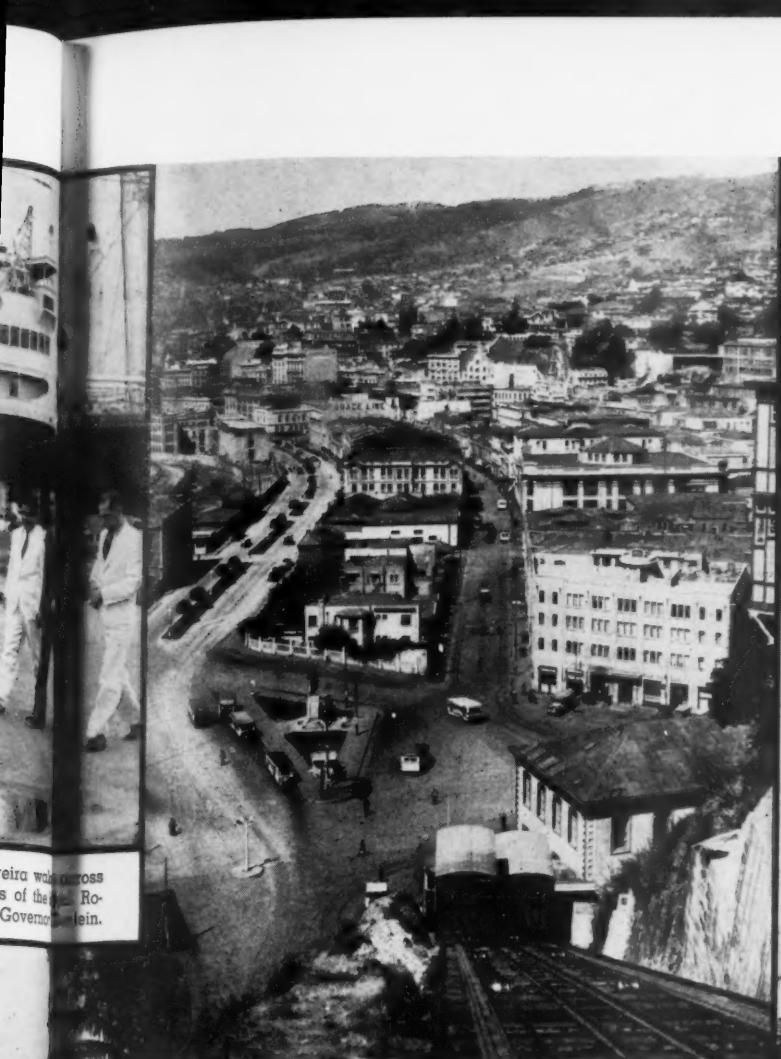
BETWEEN visits in Panama, the ship passed through the Panama Canal. From the upper deck the Presidential party caught this view of the famous Gaillard Cut.

IN GUAYAQUIL, Ecuador, the statue of Simón Bolívar in the main plaza seems to doff hat in welcome to a Rotarian mission of inter-American fellowship.



FROM the Municipal Palace of Lima, Peru, the Rotary travellers looked out over the Plaza San Martin and the statue of the hero for whom it is named, who here

joined forces with Bolivar to assure the independence of Hispano-America. Here, eight Clubs joined in an intercity meeting to hear President Pereira's message.



eira with across
s of the Rio Ro-
Governor Stein.



VALPARAISO, Chile: end of the outward sea trip. After several stops they continued through the Chilean-Argentine lake region.

AT BUENOS AIRES, President Pereira was feted again. Here he (center) is shown with District Governor Cerruti (right).

Photos: (far left) Donald Clark. (above left & right) Weinreich



of Simón Bolívar
in war to
ican favor.

ATOP CORCOVADO ("The Hunchback") Hill stands Rio de Janeiro's giant "Christ," welcoming or speeding the guests of Brazil.



Those Were the Days

By Percy Waxman

Associate Editor of *Cosmopolitan*

Back when schoolbooks hid dime novels, that doom of dastards, Deadwood Dick, was loved even in Australia.

IF I WERE to seek back in my Australian childhood the first influence that aroused my interest in America, I would find it in a long-decried and now extinct form of literature. Before I had reached the age of 12 I was familiar (in a way) with many phases of life in America, and with much of its early pioneer background, almost entirely from dime novels. Furthermore, those colorful volumes gave me an intense desire to visit the United States and meet as many of its remarkable inhabitants as possible.

The frenzied rapture that poets speak of is a pale anemic thing compared with the maddened joy of that moment when a dime novel first fell into my hands. The book contained 32 pages and dealt with the glorious exploits of a noble son of the plains named Deadwood Dick. A more versatile, ingenious, courageous, and handsome hero has never yet appeared on my horizon. The man existed solely for the doing of good and doing it in a most picturesque manner. Furthermore, he was blessed with a remarkably capable feminine partner in the thwarting of villainy named Calamity Jane.

And he certainly needed her to help frustrate the diabolical depredations of a cur named Piute Dave. This inhuman wretch, by a detestable stroke of deception, captured Dick in the very first chapter, and tears of sympathy filled my eyes when I read how Dave and his gang hanged Dick, riddled his body with bullets from their six-shooters, placed it in a sack filled with stones, and then with ghoulish glee hurled the whole grim package from the dizzy height of a yawning precipice into the boiling cauldron of a stream several hundred feet below! I was horror-stricken to read of this cold-blooded treatment of so noble a hero and couldn't quite make out what the rest of the

book could deal with, when the leading character, after whom the volume was named, had been so summarily dealt with in Chapter One. However, on I read, hoping that Calamity Jane might be able (in a girlish way, of course) to do something about avenging her pal. In Chapter Two a bearded stranger mysteriously appeared in the gambling hell attached to "The Bloody Gulch Saloon" and proceeded to make things pretty hot for Piute Dave and his dastards—to say nothing of the excitement he gave a panting 10-year-old reader.

After some of the cleverest outwitting and thwarting of devilish plots and plans you ever heard of, this bearded stranger eventually rounded up, not only Piute Dave himself, but his whole cowardly mob, and turned them over to the minions of the law. Then, and not till then, did he remove his beard, and who do you think he turned out to be? You'd never guess in a million years, so I'd better tell you. It was Deadwood Dick! Yes, it was! He hadn't been killed at all! The whole time he had been lying helpless in the sack he had been unconscious and it needed just the cold chill of the river water for all his faculties to shift from neutral to normal, so to speak.

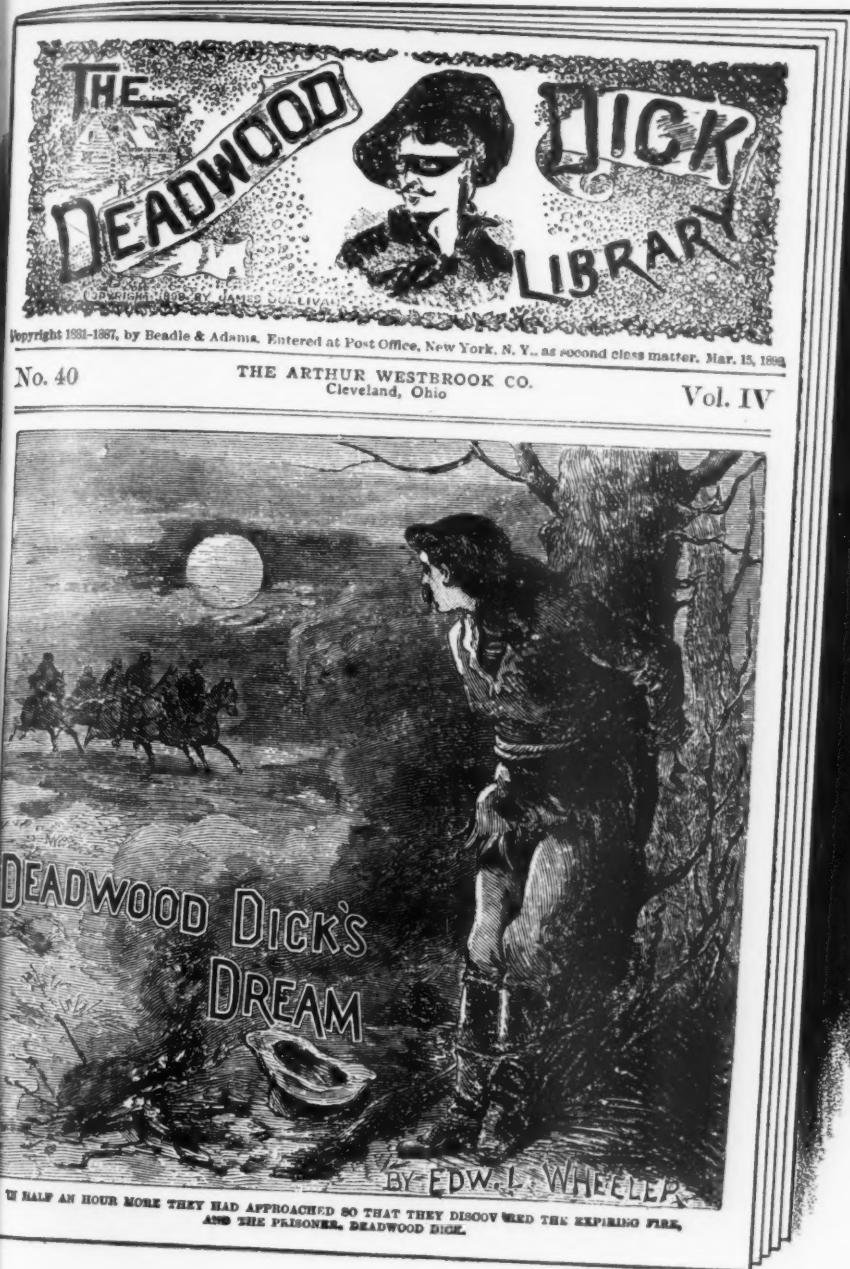
When Dick revealed himself to the thieving cutthroats, they couldn't have been half so astonished as I was at his miraculous escape. Later on, when I learned that Deadwood Dick "ran" through an entire series, I didn't care what happened to him in the first few chapters of whatever "number" I was reading. I knew he'd reappear safe and sound in the final roundup, with all the villains either swinging from handy trees or in the hands of the sheriff.

Not being sophisticated enough to know that I was reading pernicious literature, I made no at-

tempt to hide my first *Deadwood Dick* from my family, and great was my surprise when a much older brother told me never to bring another one of "those things" into the house. I was shocked, but as my brother was what was called intellectually inclined, I felt instinctively that he didn't know the real inwardness of such matters, anyhow, and the only notice I took of his astonishing warning was to develop a certain strategy to prevent my precious volumes from falling under the gaze of nonbelievers.

At home I would read one of my thrillers carefully concealed behind a large edition of *Paradise Lost*. My continuous absorption in that Miltonian masterpiece excited much surprise in the bosom of my family. At school I found that my favorite literature fitted nicely in the pages of my geography and while apparently deep in my studies I would be helping Deadwood Dick round up a gang of cattle rustlers somewhere in Arizona. So long as my teacher was honest enough not to approach my desk from the rear, I was usually safe from detection. Those were the days!

MY CHIEF pal and fellow addict was the son of the headmaster of a famous public school in Melbourne, a merry young rip who was just as keen on "pernicious literature" as I was. One evening, while visiting his home, I saw his father seated in front of the fire reading a little paper-covered book. It looked very familiar and my heart gave a great thump of delight when I discovered that it actually was one of our *Deadwood Dick* series. Without a word of explanation I dashed from the room and ran all the way home to find my high-brow brother. "You told me," I fairly panted, "that those books I read are bad and that they have a wicked influence on boys."



TYPICAL of the "yellowbacks" or dime novels which protecting parents of yesteryear deemed "pernicious" was the Deadwood Dick series—but on it the author says he threw.

"So they do," said my literary mentor.

"Well, you must be wrong," I said triumphantly. "Dr. Morrison reads them, and if they're good enough for him, they're good enough for me."

Vain was the attempt to explain to me that the reverend doctor read them as a temporary relaxation. I just knew he read them because they were the finest books in the world. (It was not until many years later that I learned that Lincoln and Seward both were fellow devotees.)

One result of my interest in the Deadwood Dick series was the

formation of a secret club. With the customary modesty of youth, I appointed myself its head, and on dark nights I paraded around the neighborhood in a "get-up" that approximated my hero's as much as the contents of several rifled wardrobes permitted. The six-shooter I carried was totally inadequate as an engine of destruction and was a sissy-looking, spring pistol intended by its manufacturer merely to shoot rubber darts at a target. Not being able to get possession of a Bowie knife, I had to be satisfied with a fruit knife, thrust into a scabbard that had once been my mother's spec-

tacle case. I, of course, was Deadwood Dick. My friend, the domine's son, was Sunflower Sam, while lesser lights played lesser parts. Our greatest cause for grief was that there was no girl of our acquaintance considered worthy to represent Calamity Jane.

A young financial genius in our neighborhood who had a detached attitude toward the romantic life conceived the idea of a lending library, and having secured the backing of his father he purchased two dozen copies of our favorite books and allowed us addicts to pay him threepence a week for the privilege of reading as many as we could devour. Imagine a kid of 12 thinking up a scheme like that! By now no doubt he is a multimillionaire and the well-hated owner of 10,000 second mortgages.

During the years that I was a Deadwood Dick fan I little knew that I was modestly contributing to the building up of a large fortune, but the fact remains that the publisher of my glorious dime novels left an estate of several millions. There is nothing mysterious about the success of these books. They offered stories of action and adventure to a group that had never before been catered to. And at a price so low that virtually anybody could pay it. They were never intended for those with "literary" leanings, or persons of culture. They were meant for boys, soldiers, sailors, artisans, and others whose taste in reading matter was based more or less on instinct.

There is no doubt that my Deadwood Dick books were sensational in much the same sense that all stories of action and conflict are sensational. But in no sense were they immoral, as was often charged. As a matter of fact, they were highly moral, for the simple reason that their readers would have dropped them quickly if they hadn't been.

And as for the blighting influence of such books of which my older brother was so fearful, all I can say is that after exposing myself to this "pernicious literature" for three or four years, I managed to grow up without any marked inclination to rob a bank, or to commit murder or forgery.

'Don't Shoot Till You Got Your

By William MacLeod Raine

NO OTHER nation has such an inherent love of firearms as the United States. Americans come by this affection honestly, for with two tools—the ax and the rifle—they conquered the wilderness. Later a third was added to these—a hoe, which was partially superseded after a time by the plow.

The early American rifle had a barrel of about four feet and a stock slender and short. Since its owner often had to walk long distances, the weight was light. For short-range firing this

flintlock was excellent. It was a disgrace to be a poor marksman. At 60 yards a good shot could send five bullets so accurately into a paper nailed to a tree that only one ragged hole showed. After practice, the bullets were dug out of the tree and remolded, for lead in those early days was

far too expensive to waste.

These early rifles were handmade by expert mechanics who took great pride in their work. Among the earliest were Dechert and Mills of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Several gunsmiths set up shops at a dozen towns in the Alleghanies to supply the needs of those pushing west.

It took courage to migrate. Emerson Hough tells how 380 men, women, and children started out in 1779 to found the town of Nashville, Tennessee—a journey more desperate than Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole. The travellers were exposed to Indian attack almost the entire journey. Less than two-thirds of them reached their destination. Even at journey's end they had to keep vigilant guard, for Cherokees and other Indians repeatedly attacked Nashborough, as the new town was called. Twelve years later only 13 of the original settlers were alive.

As game decreased, the more restless pushed on, often leaving wife and children behind until the new home was made. One of the most intrepid of these was Daniel Boone. For two years, in the Kentucky wilderness, he did not taste salt, sugar, or flour. There used to be a tree on the Cumberland Trail bearing the inscription, "D. Boon Cilled a Bar in this tree 1760."

The light rifles of the early days were not powerful enough for the big game of the West. In his *Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains* Lieutenant Ruxton, a young English explorer, relates that in

1847 in South Park, Colorado, he once saw 18 shots, half of them from a musket, fired into an old buffalo bull without bringing him to the ground.

When one looks at records of the buffalo slaughter 20 years later, however, it is clear that even the sturdy bison could generally be dropped by an experienced hunter with one bullet from a heavy rifle sent to a vital spot—just back of the shoulder, a few inches above the brisket. "Buffalo Bill" Cody claimed to have got 69 in one day. He was on horseback, and he turned the herd so that it was running in a circle. As he put it himself, he nursed them as a billiard player does the balls for a long run.

The professional hide hunters were not so spectacular as Cody, but the top ones got more buffalo. They hunted on foot, creeping up to the herd against the wind. After the first shot the herd often began to mill, excited by the smell of blood and the unknown danger. Sometimes the whole herd could be destroyed without a stampede being started. The *Dodge City Times*, August 18, 1877, makes the claim that Tom Nickson killed 120 at one stand in 40 minutes. I have discussed that with old hunters who have "taken the hide off'n them," and they all thought the newspaper was drawing the long bow. There were probably a good many days, however, when Nickson dropped more than 100.

Cody used a needle gun, a breach-loading 50-caliber Springfield. Long before 1877 Nickson had probably discarded the needle gun in favor of the famous Buffalo Sharps, which weighed 16 pounds and had a 30-inch octagonal barrel, with double-set trigger. It carried 120 grains of powder and 550 grains

of lead. In justification of Cody one must remember that he was supplying hundreds of railroad graders with meat. Nickson was slaughtering the bison for the hides.

The big Buffalo Sharps was a very accurate arm up to 500 yards. It was put on the market in '73 and was adopted by the buffalo hunters at once. The most famous shot ever made with one is credited to Billy Dixon, the renowned scout and hunter. This was at the big fight at Adobe Walls, Texas, in 1874, where 28 men and one woman stood off many hundred Kiowa and Comanche Indians. On the third day about 15 Indians appeared on a bluff at least seven-eighths of a mile away. Dixon took careful aim with his big "50" Sharps at a mounted warrior. The man fell from his horse dead. Billy admitted that this was a lucky hit.

When Kit Carson reached manhood about 1830, the flintlock was still in use. Most of the "mountain men" were beginning to use rifles weighing from eight to ten pounds. Carson used such a gun for years, but later altered his weapon to a percussion cap lock. While using this muzzle-loader in his youth he molded his own bullets and carried the powder in a horn at his side handy for quick loading. Since the flintlocks were not repeaters, Kit followed the advice that he gave to novices: "Don't shoot till you got a bead on the varmint."

Ruxton gives a contemporary picture of Carson: "First in every quality which constitutes excellence in a mountaineer, whether of indomitable courage or perfect indifference to death or danger—with an iron frame capable of withstanding hunger, thirst, heat, cold, fatigue, and hardships of every kind—of wonderful presence of mind and endless resource in time of peril—with the instinct of an animal and the moral courage of a man—who was 'taller' for his inches than Kit Carson, paragon of mountaineers?"

There was little danger in shooting buffalo. The grizzly bear was a different customer. He had more lives than a cat, and like a lion would keep coming as long as there was breath in his huge body. It is possible Carson met Hugh Glass, who had one of the most remarkable escapes from a grizzly bear that ever has been recorded.



Buffalo Bill



Wild Bill Hickok



Kit Carson



Illustrations from old prints (except three at right by Ben Albert Benson)

Glass was a hunter for Andrew Henry's Yellowstone River expedition of 1823. While forcing his way through a thicket along the Grand River in South Dakota, he stirred up a she grizzly lying down with her cubs. He had time only to fling one wild shot at the bear before she flung him to the ground. Trying to escape, he was seized and terribly mauled.

It appeared that nothing could be done for Glass. Two men were left with him, under instructions to follow the others as soon as the hunter expired. The two stayed with the wounded man five days, life still flickering feebly in him. Their own position was precarious. He would die soon, they decided. So they abandoned him, taking his rifle, knife, and other equipment. But Glass obstinately lived. From the spring near which he lay he got water. The bushes of the thicket supplied him with buffalo berries to eat. Gradually he nursed back some strength. Then with amazing fortitude he began to crawl toward Fort Kiowa, a journey that had taken the expedition five days to cover. During the cold nights he could not build a fire. By chance he came on a pack of wolves which had just killed a buffalo calf. Somehow he drove them away from their prey and fed on it himself. At last he staggered into the fort, clawed and torn and emaciated.

While still weak, he joined a party of Indians. All of them were killed by Indians except Glass, who chanced to be out of camp at the time. For 38 days he traversed a country filled with hostiles, reaching at last Henry's fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone. His first words were to the men who had

deserted him. "Gimme that knife and gun. I'm not dead by a damn sight."

I knew a man in Jackson Hole, a Harvard graduate by the way, who went into the den of a grizzly to kill it. He pushed in on hands and knees, a rifle by his side. From the signs outside he had learned that only one bear was in the hole, a large fat one.* The hunter lit a candle and placed it in front of him. He could not see the bear, but knew that it was somewhere in the darkness ahead of him. He knew, too, that when the grizzly wakened, he would have one shot at it and no more. Unless he killed it instantly he was lost.

The bear stirred, yawned, rose to its feet, and waddled forward. The candle light confused the animal, but dimly it made out the form of the enemy and upended to fling itself forward. The intrepid man shot it through the eye and rolled quickly to one side. He later told me that the crash of the falling grizzly seemed to shake the earth!

The grizzly is immensely strong. In the Rockies few reach a weight of 1,000 pounds, though in California—as you might expect!—they have been known to grow much larger. One could carry away a full-grown horse. In view of its tremendous power and ferocity the experience of Bill Parenteau, a Cornishman working in Colorado, would be difficult to believe if it were not so well authenticated. He ran across a she bear with a cub and was attacked before he could get his rifle into play. The gun was torn from his hands. A powerful

* He knew it was fat because the hind feet did not step in the depressions made by the front ones, as is the case when a lean bear walks.—AUTHOR.





man, Parenteau fought the grizzly with his hunting knife and killed it. Slashes of scalp were torn from the hunter, an eye was destroyed, and he was fearfully lacerated. The hide of the bear showed later 21 stabs. And all this happened at Boulder Park, near Tolland, in 1882.

The history of the West echoes with the roar of guns. But even when the West was woolly and wild, most good citizens had little trouble. They went their way unmolested, supported schools and churches, were God-fearing people. But there was in those days a lawless minority. Peace officers had to be as expert as the outlaws with whom they fought. They had to be specialists with a gun to survive. In the days when the cattleman was king, rifles were usually called Winchesters and revolvers Colts. The .45 Colt came in about 1870, and the single action was the favorite because of the easier pull. It was cocked by the thumb with each shot. Many experts honed the notch of the hammer to make the trigger go off lightly.

Cowboys carried their revolvers in holsters hanging from a cartridge-filled belt worn slack. A gunman in town had his in his hip pocket or at the waist under his vest. Great care was exercised lest clothing obstruct the draw. When such experts as "Wild Bill" Hickok, "the prince of pistoleers," or Ben Thompson, United States marshal at Austin, Texas, drew to fire, the weapon leaped to the hand quicker than the eye could follow.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the miraculous shooting of famous frontiersmen. I have had more such stories attributed to the name of "Wild Bill" Hickok than to any other plainsman. Some are sheer fabrications. An old-timer once told me that he had seen Hickok put a bullet from a .45 through the neck of a beer bottle at 30 yards, not once but several times in succession. This is beyond belief. The old .45 was not built for such accuracy. I have seen a first-class shot pump four or five bullets running at 50 yards into a circle about the size of a small plate. Yet there is plenty of evidence to show that Hickok was an exceptional marksman. An old buffalo hunter Emanuel Dubbs told me that he once flung a tomato can into the air and before it reached the ground, Wild Bill, blazing at it with two revolvers, hit the can four times and continued to send it dancing on its way.

To see an expert at work with a Colt was a pleasure. Wild Bill, it is said, could twirl his pistol on his trigger finger, firing every time the handle came into his grasp. Chauncey Thomas, a fine shot with the old .45, says it took as much time, practice, and inborn skill to make an expert shot as it did to make a first-class violinist.

For a decade at least Denver was the home of the best revolver shots in the world. Captain A. H. Hardy and C. M. McCutchen were unexcelled, though Hardy, now instructor for the Los An-

geles Police Department, exhibited with the rifle more than with the revolver, McCutchen could fire five shots from a revolver in four-fifths of a second, all of them fairly accurate. With the Colt's .45 of Hickok's time, targets had to be set fairly close. It is recorded that that famous scout and marshal hit a water bucket at 50 yards three times out of five, but with the improved modern arm there were half a dozen men in Denver 25 years ago who could have put all the bullets in an envelope at the same distance. None of the old-time gunmen could have equalled A. G. Bitterly's record with a revolver or could have matched the rifle score of A. W. Peterson in 1906, when he made the world's 200-yard record, still unexcelled.

Our modern peace officers are equipped with weapons of much greater precision than were the famous shots of 70 years ago. Except at very close range Bill Hickok or Ben Thompson or Bat Masterson, using the guns of their period, would have been beaten easily at target practice by the best of the moderns. But when firing in the heat of battle, at moving opponents flinging lead at them, I think that the old gunmen would have come out the victors.

The field service of the State constabularies and of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are given special training in the use of arms and are expected to maintain their skill at a high efficiency.* There is, of course, no possibility for a fair comparison of the firing accuracy of the frontiersmen with the marksmen of today, but there is no doubt whatever that a well-trained body of modern peace officers would greatly excel the famous shots of yesteryear.

Go West, Rotarians!

Concordia Horace Greeley would have approved that dictum too, for Denver, which he visited on his famous overland journey back in the '50s, is Rotary's Convention city June 15-20. . . . This article, like the one preceding it and Stanley Vestal's *Hats!*—*Beaver vs. Silk* in the November ROTARIAN, was planned to hone your curiosity about the still-romantic West.

Several books for historical-background reading have already been suggested (see page 60, November ROTARIAN, and page 61, December ROTARIAN), but let a special word here be said for Author Raine's own *Guns of the Frontier* (Houghton-Mifflin, New York, 1940, \$3). The tale he briefs of Hugh Glass is the theme of a should-be-known-better epic poem by John G. Neihardt—*The Song of Hugh Glass* (Macmillan, New York, \$1 edition). Then if you really are excited about old guns, look up *The Saturday Evening Post* for January 11, 1941. We're really a bit envious of its *Long Rifles and Short Sermons*, by Lucian Cary, which tells how modern sportsmen are staging shoots with Dan'l Boone-style shootin' irons.—Eds.

* For a story of the FBI'S National Police Academy, see Fulton Oursler's *Every Sheriff a Sherlock Holmes* in THE ROTARIAN, February, 1941.

On Britain's Home Front



Of T. A. Warren, English Rotarian and schoolman who will ever be remembered by those who heard him speak at Rotary's Havana Convention last June, we requested an article on children evacuated

from English cities. "Tom" has been too busy. "But I got a chance to have this article written for me," he writes. And lest any reader think it an appeal for money, he adds, "so far as I know, this particular fund has no present shortage." Then, "Things go quite well with us, all things considered, and we are in good spirits. And, in a scrawled postscript, "This is a great life!"—Eds.

IF AN ATTEMPT were made to measure the amount of voluntary effort contributed to the British war effort, it would total many millions of pounds. The most obvious example which comes to mind is the hospital system, of which the voluntary hospital, financed by public subscriptions from work people and richer benefactors, is still the backbone. The British cling to the belief that something of great but intangible value is contributed to the national well-being when the goodwill of the people is made directly responsible for certain important services.

Probably it would have been possible for the Government, faced with the problem of millions of men standing to arms, to finance a vast welfare scheme for the men of the Army, Navy, and Air Force to make sure that their comfort was adequately provided for. I am willing to bet, however, that when the service departments discussed the real need of welfare work among the services, they said, "Leave it to the public in the main. They will see that the lads are all right."

They were right, of course. The civilians, and particularly the women, are eager to help. They would be annoyed if they had not the opportunity to help. The result is that all manner of services for which the Government would have to pay huge sums from its hard-pressed national exchequer are given gladly and freely.

In every town and village in Britain there exists the organization which centralizes efforts for the troops. They are called "Comforts Funds," "War Needs Funds," "Aid for the Troops Funds," and the like. Because the whole population takes part in this work, it is unusual for single organizations to run the funds. At the outset of the war, it is true, thousands of separate funds were started, but a general centralizing process has been at work.

Rotary has followed the example of the many other benevolent agencies by working in and through the organiza-

tion rather than apart from it. Yet Rotary in this area has done much apart from the big funds: its members individually and collectively have done much service. For example, members used their own cars to take soldiers and other servicemen home late at night when they had missed their train connection at the main junctions of the area.* This may seem a small thing, but to the man with only a few hours' leave and to the Rotarian with limited petrol it was of supreme value.

Here in the Northeast we felt the first brunt of war. Hardly a ship is sunk in any part of the world without some of our men being on it. Ours were the men who, with our trawler men, felt the first cruel blow of the magnetic mines. They never flinched. I remember visiting a convoy of five trawlers which had put into the Tyne after one of its number had blown to pieces on a mine. The men told me how the boat and the crew—their "mates"—went up like a puff of smoke. Yet an hour later what remained of the convoy went out to sea again without a word of protest.

Here on the Tyne we were building at the beginning of the war a £7-million naval armada and are building even more now. Steel and armaments are both made in our area. It was therefore natural that one of the first blows which the enemy should attempt to strike was here. We still get it—and "take it."

With so much call upon the Fund, a million pounds—5 million dollars—would not be too great. We manage with less! But let me remark that little children, the tiny tots of the Tyne, raise £150 a week. The workmen contribute close to £1,000 weekly from their wages. Subcommittees of prominent businessmen under the ex-officio chairmanship of Newcastle's Lord Mayor (Councillor A. D. Russell) raise funds from a variety of sources. Many Rotarians take part in these efforts, and T. D. Young, President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland and a member of Rotary's European Advisory Committee, is the working chairman of one of the most important committees.

*See *British Rotary in Wartime*, by T. A. Warren and R. E. Coombe, August, 1940, ROTARIAN.

These voluntary workers, including many women, of course, have become experts in their work. To submarine crews, where smoking is not permitted, they send sweets, honey, jam, and tinned fruits. For the minesweepers, the men must have hard-wearing gloves so that they can haul away on the wire cables of those lifesaving trawls which fish for death in the North Sea.

Voluntary workers in the entertainment field are formed into concert parties. This is a really important work and carries with it many hazards. One party of entertainers (who had, remember, done a day's work in their offices and factories before setting out on the journey to the camp) continued their performance while outside the anti-aircraft guns were firing violently. The enemy planes' uneven drone was overhead, and bombs were dropping. On their way home in their cars they ran into another raid and took shelter in a communal refuge underground, where they found 200 mothers and children, and immediately put on an impromptu concert which continued unceasingly until the end of the raid at 3 A.M. Six hours later these fun makers were back at their own regular work.

HANOTHER party came across a soldier in a state of collapse on the road. He had travelled for 23 hours and then attempted to walk ten miles to his home. The entertainers took him into Durham City, knocked a Rotarian out of bed, and left the soldier there in safe hands until next morning, when, refreshed with sleep and food, he was taken to his own home in the Rotarian's car.

Well over 100,000 items have been distributed by the Fund already. This does not include the valuable contribution received from the United States, which included, in addition to surgical and hospital supplies and foodstuffs, 12,000 garments for people rendered homeless by air raids.

I conclude with the statement that this is grand work—full of pleasure for those who share it. The other day a letter came from a 75-year-old man to inform us that the enclosed woolen helmet was knitted by his 74-year-old wife between 8 A.M. and 7 P.M. one day, during which she had cooked their meals and done the housework in addition to her knitting. Is that a small memory to cherish? There are thousands more memories like it.

Photo: Newcastle Chronicle, Ltd.



BRITISH civilians are active in their country's wartime effort. This typical group is at work on garments for the victims of air raids and knitted warmth for soldiers and sailors.

Billy Phelps Speaking



DO NOT FORGET that it is possible to own a well-selected private library of both standard works and a good many recent ones at an extremely small price per volume. Everyman's Library, which its original British publisher, Mr. Dent, told me was the realization of a lifelong ambition, and The Modern Library, containing in addition to its regular publications out-size books called Giants, and The Pocket Books and Mercury Books, cover nearly everything. These volumes are well printed and bound; thus one can get the ancient classics of every nation in English translation, and the modern ones too, besides books that have been in circulation only a few years. And if you like murder stories half as much as I do, be on the watch for the new Pocket Book edition which contains a number of the best. For example, in the Giants of the Modern Library you can get the complete novels of Jane Austen in one volume!

One of the foremost American humorists, Ogden Nash, has performed a fine public service in winnowing from his various volumes of verse one glorious book called *The Face Is Familiar*. It contains masterpieces of metrical or rather of rhyming satire and humor, with surprise rhymes which would be worth the price of admission even if they did not make sense, which they all do. This is a book for solitary enjoyment or for reading aloud to a well-chosen group. Henry James said that a play on the stage should give us the double delight of recognition and surprise; we recognize the truth of the characters, situations, and dialogue, and we are surprised and delighted by their perfect fidelity. Well, in the verses of Ogden Nash we recognize the people and the situations instantly, and at the same moment we receive the shock of the rhyme.



Ogden Nash

Just as there are no finer group of men in any profession or outside of it

than the headmasters of our boys' schools, so the prestige and dignity of the athletic director or coach in our schools and colleges have increased very much indeed. The reason is two-fold. The coach must not only be a first-class teacher, for it is usually the case that the best teaching (merely as teaching) done in our colleges is by the athletic coaches, but also he has to be a man whose character commands respect. I have addressed large groups of coaches several times, and I have always told them never to be ashamed of or apologize for their position.

Their position is one that demands physical, mental, moral qualities; and their success, unfortunately for them, is judged by the direct efficiency of their pupils, which would be disastrous for some learned professors, though I am very proud of my profession and have enormous respect for school and college teachers.

One of the first men in America to elevate the standard of the athletic coach is the one who is now oldest in continuous service—the great Amos Alonzo Stagg, an honorary Rotarian in Stockton, California, now football coach at the College of the Pacific. He went through the four years at Yale with the determination to become a minister, and in pursuit of that profession he spent two years in the Yale Divinity School, incidentally winning the Yale baseball championship for Yale over both Harvard and Princeton five successive years, pitching in every single game. For two years he was All-American end on the Yale football team. I was with him on the night in the academic year 1889-1890 when he made the decision to give up the study of divinity and become an athletic director—and this was not because he had lost even a grain of faith, for he has been an ardent believing and practicing Christian all his life. No, he saw clearly that he would have a greater and more permanent influence for good as an athletic coach than as pastor of a church. Well, his career has magnificently demonstrated the wisdom of that choice.

And now I have before me the autobiography of another splendid athletic coach, Mike Sweeney. The title of this

inspiring and exciting book is *Mike Sweeney of the Hill, The Autobiography of Michael F. Sweeney, with a Foreword by W. Reginald Wheeler*. This is the story of his life, personality, and career. For 14 years he held the world's championship in the high jump. At the famous Hill School at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, he was director of athletics, and won the admiration, respect, and affection of his pupils, of the faculty, and of all who came in contact with him. His fame was nation-wide, and every time I heard his name mentioned it was always with high praise.

Reginald Wheeler, who has written a number of interesting books on various themes, has contributed a charming preface to this volume. I think that not only students and alumni of the Hill, but also all who are interested either in education or athletics or both will enjoy this book from cover to cover. It is exactly the kind of book it ought to be. Incidentally, one year Mr. Sweeney spent at Yale as track coach and assistant coach of the football team, and Yale produced winners in both sports. I wish this autobiography could circulate in England, because it gives so clear and so interesting an account of life at a great American private school.

Laurence McKinney's little book with the double-punned title, *People of Note or A Score of Symphony Faces*, gave me such pleasure and diversion that I welcome its successor, *Garden Clubs and Spades* (two more puns), wherein he describes in both verse and prose the gardens, the people who make them, the flowers, and the necessary implements; and all with a fine sense of the ridiculous in frustration, for there is this difference (among others) between real tragedy and the unhappiness caused by mortification, humiliation, and vexation: the former is a wound that, unlike a physical wound, leaves no scar and yet never heals; it can attack you at any hour of the day or night, when you are alone or perhaps sitting in the theater or taking pleasure in a dinner party; whereas the setbacks caused by annoyances, although they are horribly humiliating at the time, always, after a

sufficient interval, arouse our mirth. Captain Alan Villiers, describing a hose whose free passage of water was essential, said it leaked at every point except the nozzle; this is funny only in retrospect.

Now the humor of Mr. McKinney's *Garden Clubs and Spades* is of that kind, even including the hose, which in the garden is like a gun whose recoil is greater than the discharge. Genuine humorists who combine humor with facility and technique in expression are not any too common. I welcome therefore the newcomer, Laurence McKinney.

* * *

To turn to more serious books, Bernhard Knollenberg, the distinguished librarian of Yale University, records the researches of years in *Washington and the Revolution*. The hero of this book is General Gates, who captured the army of Burgoyne, while spots on Washington's reputation and the imperfections of his character are revealed. The author has gone to contemporary documents, letters, diaries, memoranda, etc., and while I still do not admire General Gates very much and do not admire Washington any the less, I confess the author has done a great deal to build up the reputation of Gates, who must hereafter, I think, rate higher in military history than ever before; and he has plainly shown some defects not only in Washington's military ability, but also in what has hitherto been regarded as his total unselfishness. What we all ought to want is the truth; and as there is only one character in history who is without spot or blemish, of course defects can be found in Washington.

The interesting thing about this book is that defects are pointed out that most of us thought were not there. I knew that Washington had a violent temper, which he usually kept under control; and that while he was President and at a Cabinet meeting, he would at rare intervals swear and curse horribly, when he was considering some new attack (they were of daily occurrence) in the newspapers or elsewhere. Then after this explosion, which probably relieved his overwrought nerves, he would recover his self-possession. But I did not know that on any occasion whatever he allowed any error of judgment to be misunderstood by the public or by Congress. Yet, after making due allowance for every defect, every mistake, and every slip caused by self-pride, Washington stands with undiminished glory.

Every clear-minded American knows that Washington was not one of the world's greatest war captains; everyone knows that his intellect was not subtle or profound; everyone knows that he was not exactly a saint. But why was it that Franklin, immensely his superior in inventive genius and in knowl-

edge of human nature; that Jefferson, who excelled him immeasurably in scholarship and in the ability to write; that Hamilton, who was far greater than Washington in his knowledge of public finance, why was it that these men, and every other man closely associated with Washington, always looked up to him as a superior character, more wise, more trustworthy, more unselfish? It is certain that no other American soldier could have won the war. Suppose Gates has not from historians received full credit—imagine Gates as Commander-in-Chief! The United States Constitution of 1787 would probably not have been adopted, despite the men of genius who helped to make it and

mother and daughter than sometimes occurs in the absence of humor—just as I believe Hawthorne's letter to his mother when he was an undergraduate at Bowdoin, 120 years ago, in which he told her he had drank (*sic*) no alcoholic liquors that term “and shall not till the last week,” probably struck her as more sincere than if he had told her that no liquor would ever cross his lips again!

* * *

The old year 1940 and the grand old man of the theater, Daniel Frohman, went out together, Mr. Frohman dying on December 26 at the age of 89. I knew him well for the last 30 years of his life, and I can say truthfully there was no one for whom I had more respect and affection. He was one of the ablest theater directors in America's history; his skill was matched by his high integrity. He was the best friend actors and actresses ever had. He spent his life doing good.

I often visited him in his astonishing rooms at the top of the Lyceum Theater in New York, which no one could have accurately described except Charles Dickens. There was a little hole in the floor, through which we looked at the play in progress on the stage; it seemed as if play and players were miles away, like looking at them through the wrong end of the telescope. His rooms were adorned with autographed pictures of famous persons connected with the theater since 1870. Up to the last year of his life he was physically and mentally alert, dancing with great gusto and writing his letters in long hand. To Augusta, Georgia, where I am now writing, he used to come every year in the Winter season, and gave freely of his time and skill to the amateur theater groups here. For many years he ate and slept little. He took a very small breakfast, no lunch at all, and not a large dinner at night. He said to me with great emphasis, “If your stomach ever gives you the slightest trouble, put as little as possible into it.” He drank no liquor at all, and smoked about 25 big cigars every day. I got him up to New Haven, Connecticut, a few years ago, to address the Yale students. He made a charming talk which delighted his audience. Then he stayed with me overnight, and at my house he told me he had eaten the largest breakfast in many years. His autobiography, called *Encore!*, is full of diverting stories. There was nobody like Dan Frohman and no one can take his place.

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:

The Face Is Familiar. Ogden Nash. Little, Brown, \$2.75.—*Garden Clubs and Spades.* Laurence McKinney. Dutton, \$1.—*Washington and the Revolution.* Bernhard Knollenberg. Macmillan, \$3.—*Mike Sweeney of the Hill.* Michael F. Sweeney. Putnam, \$2.75.—*The Mothers' Anthology.* Edited by William Lyon Phelps. Doubleday, Doran, \$3.—*Encore!* Daniel Frohman. Lee Furman, \$3.50.



GEORGE WASHINGTON—reproduced from the Yale University study by Col. Trumbull.

fought for it, if Washington had not been there; and the United States might have been wrecked during the years immediately following the French Revolution (which began in the same year that Washington began his first term as President) if he had not been at the helm. No, whatever faults may be found in Washington—he had plenty—he remains America's supreme man.

* * *

Although I never recommend or even discuss books that I have written, perhaps it is not out of place to call the attention of those known affectionately as Rotary Anns to a recently published book, *The Mothers' Anthology*, consisting of stories, poems, and sketches about mothers. The fact that I have been a teacher all my active life has given me an intimate acquaintance with thousands of mothers, so I felt qualified to select the contents of this work. A very brief one at the close makes a tragic and terrific climax. And yet, as the sublime changes as rapidly as the weather into its opposite, there was one sketch consisting only of a telegram that I wish I could have included. On Mother's Day a girl at Vassar sent her mother this wire: “Dear Mother, all I am and have I owe to you. Hot dog.”

Somehow I believe there was a more perfect understanding between that

St. Louis Com



SHE'LL BE on time! Down the track a doubleheader is highballing the St. Louis Rotary Club Special into Chicago. Busses and host Rotarians are ready. A police escort, plus stowaway, warms up for the cross-town dash.

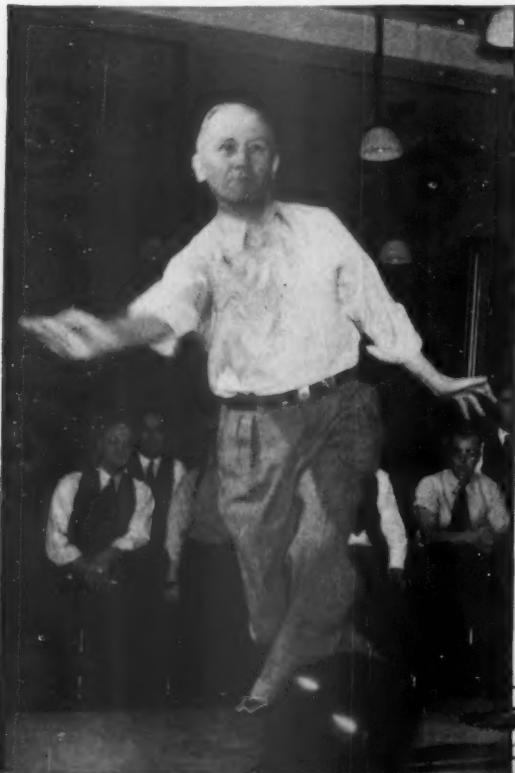


HOPPING off the train, the Missourians climb into the busses which will speed them to the Chicago Rotary Club's luncheon. For hungry men—this is noon—they seem right genial. One packs his bowling to

SIDE the
traffic behi
holiday



THE CROWD is well scrambled—four visitors and four hosts to a table. In no time, all are old friends. . . . Then Howard Jackson, host Club President (right, at right), welcomes the guests, for whom Ward Goodloe, St. Louis Club President, responds, accepting a souvenir gavel. . . . (Below) E. J. Musick, head of the visiting bowlers, showing 'em how later.



The Scratchpad Man Covers

THE "SPECIAL" was due any minute. As I waited on the station platform that windy Tuesday morning, my imagination backflipped to a day more than a century ago when a small company of weary soldiers flung down their packs at the mouth of the Chicago River. They had come to rebuild Fort Dearborn and had marched the 300 miles from a much older post named St. Louis. The trek had taken them at least 15 days.

But a whistle blast brought me back—and before me another company of St. Louisans and other Missourians was setting foot on Chicago soil. These men, 117 Rotarians, also had come to build something—a closer fellowship

with the Rotarians of Chicago. The trip had taken them five hours.

As the visitors hit the cobblestone their hosts set upon them with man a hearty handshake, steered them into waiting busses, and, a minute later led them into the Hotel Sherman. Now if you've ever "made up" at Rotary's oldest, largest, and perhaps most-visited Rotary Club, you know that on Tuesday noons the gilded grand ballroom of this hostelry is just about the talkiest, smokiest, friendliest place anywhere. It was double-all-that the day. It fairly bulged with the roar of men talking and men eating. Flocks of questions and quips flew back and forth in each table group, which were made up of four host Rotarians and four visiting Rotarians. Introductions are never any problem in Rotary an



On to Chicago



...IDE the busses, which are now slipping through heavy noon-hour traffic behind police sirens, spirits are high. These are businessmen on holiday! And they are going to make the most of the rare event.



THINGS start off briskly with a he-man's luncheon in the host Club's usual meeting place. So many prominent Rotarians are present that the honor table runs the length of the room. Note welcome sign at far end.



TOGS of the old-time quartette (left) hurt the eye, but its songs charm the ear. . . . The only living charter member of the visiting Club is here—Werner Hencke (above left). With him sit Rubens Humphrey and George Treadwell, Executive Secretaries of the St. Louis and Chicago Clubs, respectively. . . . (Below) Perry Stordock, Chicago bowling chief.

ers' Rotary Intercity Meeting

They were less than that this noon, for each Missourian had brought his own chevron badge and, of course, each Missourian wore his. So it was "Bill," "Pete," and "Art," right from the start. In the middle of the dessert, Host Club President Howard K. Jackson grasped the microphone to introduce the many well-known Rotary personalities present and to welcome the visitors. Therewith he handed Ward L. Goodloe, President of the visiting Club, a gavel as a souvenir. President Goodloe acknowledged it with a word about Rotary.

An old-time quartette imported from St. Louis came next with many a teary ballad which pulled our heartstrings out. As same were snapping back into place, an interesting chap named Cleveland P. Grant, a museum director

of Cincinnati, Ohio, began unreeling some movies in color called *Wings of the Wilderness*. It was a bird film—and a "bird" of a film—and it wound up the meeting, but not the day. As the crowd emerged, it split and took two directions. One led to a bowling alley where 40 of the visitors pitted their fanciest twists against those of 40 host Club bowlers—and lost. Hiking after the crowd that had gone the other way, I caught up with them in the Central Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International.

As the train puffed out into the dusk that evening, the Windy City Rotarians resolved to repay the visit as soon as they could, and that was not "wind."

But you've had enough of my chatter. Now take a look at my pictures.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN





MANY TOUR Rotary's Central Office in the afternoon. Here Chesley R. Perry, Rotary's veteran Secretary, welcomes President Goodloe. Porter Carswell, of Georgia, Regional Extension Committee head, also a visitor today, looks on. The Scratchpad Man is effecting the introduction—he thinks!



THOUGH Founder Paul Harris is out of town, the Missourians see his trophy-filled office. "The moose," says the guide, "came from a Canadian Rotary District; the clock from North Sydney, Australia; the Rotarians; the carved box, which Tom Hailey holds, from New Zealand."



A COUPLE of St. Louis Rotarians shake on having met the San Francisco Rotarian with them.



IN THE reception room of Rotary's "service station," a group studies a great world map.



IN THE OFFICES of The Rotarian, President Goodloe shows The Scratchpad Man his gave

COMES THE TIME to leave—with a bit of a ("framed") to-do down at the station. The visitors' last "So long!" is from District Governor William Morris.





Wetter Water for Fires. Wetter water has become more or less commonplace with the development of soapless soaps that let ducks sink. Now the United States Forest Products Laboratory reports that water can be made a better fire extinguisher by dissolving certain salts in it. Monoammonium phosphate in 10 percent solution, for example, is found to be several times as effective in extinguishing burning wood as water alone under some test conditions. Diammonium phosphate and phosphoric acid are also effective additions to water, as are many other salts.

Lubrication in a Vacuum. Moving parts sealed within the high vacuum of an X-ray tube must be lubricated, but with what? Oils and ordinary lubricants vaporize in the vacuum at the temperatures encountered. The problem was solved by applying a thin layer of barium to the bearing surfaces. This is the first use found for the metal, although its compounds are relatively plentiful.

Corrosion Stopper. If carbon monoxide, the poisonous constituent in automobile exhausts and illuminating gas, is bubbled through hydrochloric acid, the acid loses its ability to etch stainless steel. Numerous other materials inhibit corrosion under special conditions, but this discovery that carbon monoxide will do it under certain circumstances has surprised scientists. Possibly the explanation, when found, may help curb rust.

Pest Controls Pest. Australia long ago imported prickly pear plants from North and South America to form hedges and to become a forage crop without realizing that these plants might overrun the country. By 1920 the lush growth of these cacti had taken over some 60 million acres of land. Many methods to curb their growth were tried without success until finally an insect, cactoblastis cactorum, was found with an appetite for cactus. The insect belongs to the family of moth borers and does not eat other plants. The cactus has now been brought under complete control by the insect, and infestation has been reduced 75 to 95 percent. Areas which had to be abandoned a few years ago are again fertile farms, thanks to the pest that feeds on a pest.

Monkey Shortage. One of the shortages caused by war affects seriously the development of new synthetic drugs.

Monkeys are required for testing many types of drugs before they can be safely used on human beings, and the variety of monkeys needed comes from India. Shortage of ships has prevented normal imports. Although one usually associates monkeys with zoos and organ grinders, only about one monkey out of seven or eight goes on exhibit, the rest being used for scientific test purposes.

Variable Contrast Photo Paper. The photographers' problem of selecting a paper to give the proper contrast in prints is much simplified by a new photographic paper now on the market. By the use of a single paper, a wide degree of contrasts can be produced by varying the color of the light used for printing. A set of colored filters modify the light used in the exposure to fit the requirements of the negative and the result desired.

New Sulfanilamide Drug. Research on the potent family of drugs derived from sulfanilamide has revealed one whose potentialities seem enormously important. Although still in the experimental laboratories and not yet available for medical use, sulfaguanidine seems to possess extraordinary germicidal power in the intestine without being absorbed to too great an extent by the blood. Indications, which may yet prove wrong, suggest that the new

chemical may prove valuable in treating certain forms of dysentery and other intestinal infections. Among these are many dangerous diseases whose conquest will be a boon to humanity.

Infrared Corn Popper. Infrared rays generated by special electric lamps have become useful in industry in many ways as a means of applying radiant heat where needed, as in drying enamels and other similar operations. The effectiveness of this method of heating was demonstrated at a recent scientific meeting when corn was popped inside sealed cellophane bags by exposure to these rays. Because cellophane is transparent to the rays, the bags were scarcely warmed in the couple of minutes required for the corn to pop.

Fluorescent Tees. Everything that possibly can be is made fluorescent these days. Latest additions to the list are molded plastic golf tees colored with dyes that glow in the ultraviolet of sunlight. The presumption is that glowing tees will be easier to find and will match glowing golf stories.

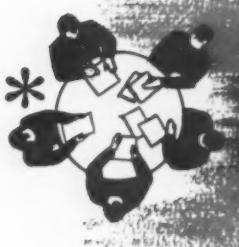
Rubber Die. A new method of forming sheet metal into parts for airplanes employs a single steel die into which the metal sheet is pressed by a heavy rubber pad. Formerly two steel dies were required, one on each side of the sheet. The new method, similar to that used to emboss stamps on United States stamped envelopes, cuts down the die cost and speeds up production.

Marking Tool. A new marking tool employs a hardened steel point vibrated at high speed by an electromagnet actuated by ordinary alternating current. In use, the point is pressed against the material to be marked, and when the current is turned on, the tool does the rest. Metals, glass, stone, and similar hard materials where stamping is impractical are readily marked.

Photo: Courtesy, American Cyanamid Co.



THE SPECTROSCOPE speeds analysis with visible light. Here "invisible" or ultraviolet light generated by an arc is similarly used by its effect on photographic negatives.



Rotary Roundtable

About problems and policies of Rotary.
Suggestions for discussion are invited.

THE DEVELOPMENT of leadership in small Clubs is one of such importance that the Board of Directors of Rotary International has made the following suggestions:

That the Vice-President of the Club act as Chairman of the Club Service Committee.

That the Clubs send to the District Assembly not only their Presidents and Secretaries, but also, if possible, their Vice-Presidents.

That Clubs carefully explore their membership for potential leadership and seek to develop their members by appointing them to serve not only on Club Committees, but also occasionally as Chairmen of Club meetings.

Training for service is one of the important phases of the First Object of Rotary and is being carried on in a splendid manner in most small Clubs.

The following are some of the ways in which small Clubs are accomplishing this important service in connection with exemplification of each of the Four Objects:

Club Service: Each member is given the individual responsibility of arranging and presenting one or more programs each year.

Election of at least one new Board member each year.

Members give three-minute biographies and short talks on some aspect of Club Service.

Members take turns in editing Club bulletin, leading the singing, and welcoming visiting Rotarians and guests.

Vocational Service: Members discuss various phases of their businesses at Club meetings.

Members are encouraged to take an active part in their respective trade meetings and professional conventions and to pass on to the Club the policies and principles which are endorsed and advocated at such meetings and conventions.

Members are urged to invite men in their same craft or profession to attend Rotary from time to time. In this way, the business or professional men who are not members of Rotary feel that their craft really is represented in the Club. The member comes to realize his ambassadorship, and feels that leadership is expected of him.

Community Service: Each member is given some definite individual responsibility in connection with the Club's Community Service program.

Members are encouraged to accept civic responsibilities and actively to

support the local organizations which are designed to improve the social, economic, and cultural life of the community.

Each member is given an opportunity to make a brief report before the Club on his Community Service activities and is given recognition for his achievements.

International Service: Each member is given an opportunity to tell the Club how his business or profession is affected by world conditions.

Members discuss before the Club conditions and customs of countries through which they have travelled or those in which their forefathers lived.

Check yourself on the correctness of the following true-or-false statements. At the end of the list you'll find the correct answers.

1. Rotary took its name from the form of the wheel adopted as its emblem.

2. There are approximately 213,000 Rotarians today.

3. Rotary became an international organization in 1912.

4. A Rotarian is not a member of Rotary International, but is just a member of one Rotary Club, which is a member Club of Rotary International.

5. The Immediate Past President of Rotary International is Chairman of the international Board of Directors.

6. All the officers of Rotary International are elected annually at the international Convention.

7. There has been no Convention or Board action recognizing "Service above Self—He Profits Most Who Serves Best" as a Rotary motto or slogan.

8. There are four kinds of membership in a Rotary Club.

9. Senior membership is conferred on any Rotarian whose son also becomes a Rotarian.

10. A District Conference cannot take legislative action to bind Rotary International.

11. The governing body of a Rotary Club is the Board of Directors of the Club.

12. Honorary membership is conferred for life.

13. An honorary member has no vote in the Club.

14. Rotary International has four offices situated in various parts of the world, namely: Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.; Zurich, Switzerland; Bombay, India; and London, England.

15. By Vocational Service, its Second Object, Rotary means the co-operation

between fellow Rotarians in making certain allowances to each other in business transactions.

* * *

1. False. The name "Rotary" was Paul Harris' suggestion, based on the plan of the first Club, in which the members met in rotation at each other's place of business. The wheel emblem was adopted later.

2. True.

3. True. Although the Rotary Club of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, was organized in 1910, it was not until February, 1912, that it was admitted to the Association of Rotary Clubs. So, technically, Rotary became international in 1912.

4. True.

5. False. The Immediate Past President is a member of the Board, but he is not its Chairman. The President of Rotary International is Chairman of the Board of Directors.

6. False. The President, the Directors, the Treasurer, and the District Governors are elected by voting delegates at the Convention. The three Vice-Presidents and the Secretary are elected by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.

7. True.

8. True. They are: active, past service, honorary, senior. "Additional active" members are, as the name implies, active members.

9. False. Any active member who now is and has been an active member of one or more Rotary Clubs for a total of 20 or more years, or who is of the age of 65 years or more after having been an active member of one or more Rotary Clubs for a total of five or more years, may, at his option, become a senior member of his Club by notifying the Secretary in writing of his intention to do so. A senior member shall have all the rights, privileges, and responsibilities of an active member, except that he shall not be considered as representing any business or professional classification.

10. True. A District Conference is not a legislative body. It may, however, adopt resolutions recommending action or legislation to Rotary International.

11. True.

12. False. Honorary membership terminates on the first day of July next after election. It may be continued year after year.

13. True. He pays no fees, no dues, represents no business, has no vote, and cannot hold office. His rights are confined to the Club of which he is an honorary member.

14. True.

15. False. The Second Object of Rotary is "to encourage and foster high ethical standards in business and professions; the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society."

the Objects of Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.



Rotary's
Convention
Denver, Colo.
June 15-20

Rotary Reporter

Crippled Children Work Goes On

More than \$100 was raised for the crippled-children fund of ASHEBORO, N. C., at a dance given by the local Rotary Club. . . . For the third time, CLINTON, Mo., Rotarians have held a clinic for crippled children. Forty children were examined. . . . For two years now, KITCHENER-WATERLOO, ONT., CANADA, Rotarians find the number of cases attending their clinic dwindling—proof of the efficacy of their efforts. Nonetheless, they have spent \$2,500 in this fiscal year for hospital, transportation, and apparatus for crippled children. (The money saved from the ap-

Photo: Hartley



DEER LODGE, Mont., Rotary Club reports that the "duck, attendance, and fellowship were all 100%" at the dinner recently held.

propriation is being spent for war work.) Thus far, 75 cases have been examined, of which 45 were minor or cured, leaving 30 requiring aid. . . . Since 1924 the ALPENA, MICH., Rotary Club has raised over \$35,000 for the hospitalization of over 400 crippled children of the neighborhood. In February the annual Rotary Show, the source of funds, was presented.

Bethany Honors Early 'Rookies' The four men who volunteered to make the full quota of Harrison County, together with 29 men who enlisted in the National Guard Artillery Regiment, were guests of honor of the BETHANY, Mo., Rotary Club before leaving for camp.

So You Think Your Rotarians of Hastings, Mich., have to be satisfied with small increases in their attendance percentage. They are bragging over 37/100 of one percent gain this past year—bringing the average for the year to 98.54 percent! In the past 20 years their all-time average is 97.86 percent. Of the membership of 58, there are 21 with 100 percent attendance since joining, and there is a total of 422 years of perfect attendance. . . . If any of you play the "26 game" (for the information of those who don't know, this is played with dice and you usually lose), the Rotary Club of GLASSPORT, Pa., has a new version. In this you don't need

any dice—only 26 members out of 28 who keep a perfect-attendance record for a year.

College Frosh Fêted by Club

Freshmen home from college for vacation were guests of the Rotary Club of NEW LONDON, CONN., recently. Among the 27 guests were four who were sons of members of the Club.

Guest Children Get U.S.A. Gifts

The Rotary Club of MONROE, MICH., which is in an international Rotary District, wanted to help the British "guest children" living in Western Ontario. So a truckload of gifts went to WINDSOR, ONT., CANADA, there to be met by Rotarians of that town and of RIDGETOWN, ONT., who undertook the distribution.

Heads They Win, Tails He Loses

A unique offer to the Rotary Club of PERRY, N. Y., by Rotarian George M. Traber puts it in an enviable position. If the community recreation hall he gave makes money, the Club shares in the profits, but if it loses money, he bears the loss. PERRY Rotarians will participate in the hall's management, including the eight bowling alleys, rifle range, refreshment stand, etc.

No Park? Rotary Club Makes One!

Two blocks of city property, set aside for a park, but never improved, challenged the Rotary Club of RAYMONDVILLE, TEX. Today the park boasts a band shell with dressing rooms and space for 75 bandsmen, a children's playground, and picnic grounds complete with a barbecue pit. In addition, the park was landscaped. Yes—Rotary did it.

Club Bike Test—Safety's Best!

As a Community Service project, the CHEROKEE, OKLA., Rotary Club has organized a bicycle safety club. The Rotary Club furnishes a reflector and a license tag. The license number and the serial number of the bike are filed in the sheriff's office. Each member must pass riding and written tests before being accepted.

'Twin Cities' Form Quintuplet Club

Five Rotary Clubs—all of them in the town of CAMBRIDGE, but one in England, one in Ohio, one in Massachusetts, and the other two in Maryland and Nebraska—have formed an intercity fellowship. They will exchange greetings, photos, records of members' voices, and moving pictures; and at Rotary Conventions, such as that

to be held in DENVER, COLO., June 15-20, will hold meetings together. . . . What couldn't the seven HAMILTONS in six countries do! And the nine CANTONS! ST. PAUL, MINN., paid a compliment to its "twin," SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL, when it ordered ten subscriptions to REVISTA ROTARIA to be sent to the latter city for distribution.

Mexican Club Calls San Antonio An intercity delegation of 14 members of the Rotary Club of MONTERREY, MEXICO, visited the SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Club recently. Several ladies were among the visitors and guests. The program was presented by the visiting Rotarians.

County Fair Is 90% Rotarian! Ninety percent of the personnel of the DELAWARE, OHIO, County Fair organization are Rotarians. Possibly that is why, in the three years since it was founded, the new fair has taken its place among the big-time events of the State.

Malacca Club Aids Widow's Son The Rotary Club of MALACCA, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, reports various cases of aid, including payment



ROTARY'S gift of \$2,000 from its special Relief Fund to the Chinese Red Cross has been acknowledged by this official receipt.



ROTARIANS of Pittsburg, Kans., purchased these tools for the boys in the Y.M.C.A. shop.

of school fees for a widow's son and donations of rice and other foods.

Rotary Increases in A recent bulletin of Bombed Midlands Rotary District 7, England's Midlands East, shows that the immediate effect of the war on most of the Clubs is to increase attendance! Despite members leaving for the services, most Clubs report increased membership, as well. Here are some of the activities reported:

ALFRETON: Sending pipes and tobacco for shipwrecked sailors and parcels for old-age pensioners. . . . BEDFORD: Has adopted a trawler and sends periodic gifts. . . . BEESTON: Took major part in establishing rest houses for troops, and, with members' wives, staffs it. Soldiers are entertained in members' homes.

BELPER: Has adopted a mine sweeper and keeps gifts flowing. Subscribed to ambulance fund. . . . BOSTON: Adopted a mine sweeper. . . . BURTON-ON-TRENT: Has entertained 70,000 troops through maintenance of radio set in rest hall. . . . COALVILLE: Sent radio to adopted mine sweeper. . . . DERBY: Adopted two boats; working with Mayor's committee on supply of shoes for poor children.

GRANTHAM: Supported Austrian girl refugee, who has now joined her parents in Brazil. . . . GRIMSBY & CLEETHORPES: Served 40,000 meals to 20,000 visitors at canteen, and supplied games, etc., to isolated troops in the area. . . . HEANOR: Adopted two mine sweepers and a searchlight company.

HINCKLEY: Adopted a trawler and helped air cadets. . . . HUCKNALL: Carrying on regular correspondence with U.S.A. Clubs. . . . KETTERING: Adopted a trawler and furnished its crew much knitted gear; raised funds for an ambulance. . . . LONG EATON: Organized a campaign that bought five ambulances.

MANSFIELD: Sent clothing to men evacuated from DUNKIRK, and gave 300 pairs of shoes for children; also clothing for torpedoed and mined mariners. . . . PETERBOROUGH: Its adopted trawler having been sunk at DUNKIRK, the Club has adopted another, with many of the same crew. . . . SPALDING: Besides adopting two mine sweepers, the Club has organized transport for soldiers on leave.

More Rotary News The Rotary Club of in World-at-War GEELONG, AUSTRALIA, sent Christmas hampers to all members overseas with the forces. The Board of Directors of the Club joined with that of the Rotary

Club of COLAC to sponsor a Conference at LORNE. . . . OTTAWA, ONT., CANADA, Rotarians have established a War Service Committee, which meets with representatives of Rotarians' wives. They have purchased a wheel chair, and adopted a local regiment. Departing soldiers get gifts of cigarettes and chocolate bearing the Rotary emblem.

Members of the LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, Rotary Club revived the "old gold and silver" method of raising funds, asking for trinkets to convert into war funds. So modest were their expectations that only a single copper bowl was provided for donations. Several additional tables and many boxes were needed. So far, £6,000 has been raised. . . . Rotarians in South Africa have responded to every call to entertain évacués. One Rotarian took two as adopted sons and built an addition to his house to care for them. . . . CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, has raised £600 for a special war fund and sent £52/10/- to the London Relief Fund. . . . STELLENBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotarians' wives are raising funds for a hospital bed.

The NORWICH, ENGLAND, Rotary Club is studying the problems of reconstruc-



CARLSBAD, N. M., Rotarians sample food they help furnish free to poor school children.

Photo: DeWolf



FOR crippled and underprivileged children is this Rochester, N. Y., Rotary Sunshine Camp.

tion after this war, "to avoid the mistakes of 1919-39." . . . The BELFAST, NORTH IRELAND, Club had a pre-luncheon blood-donor test, recently. Twenty-two Rotarians and 14 non-Rotarians were typed. . . . HENDON, ENGLAND, Rotarians donated £100 for relief work in Finland. . . . NORWICH, ENGLAND, received \$480 for air-raid victims from "sister" NORWICH, CONN.; and WINDSOR, ENGLAND, acknowledged the gift from WINDSOR, ONT., CANADA, of £83/11/4 toward a fund to buy an airplane.

The Rotary Club of ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS, SCOTLAND, presented an ambulance to the Red Cross. This was one built for Rumania, but, after the collapse of France, was held for disposal of the British Government. In presenting the ambulance to the Red Cross,

the Club made one condition—that after the war it be returned for civilian use in the district. . . . The Clubs of FLEETWOOD and ROMFORD, ENGLAND, also presented a mobile unit and ambulance to the local air-raid service. . . . George Barker, a member of the Rotary Club of BRADFORD, ENGLAND, is collecting stamps and selling them in packets as "Rotary Series—Red Cross Funds." Thousands of stamps have been sent him, particularly from South Africa and New Zealand. . . . The BURNLEY, ENGLAND, Rotary Club has donated 150 first-aid kits for air-raid wardens.

With two camps and an airfield nearby, Rotarians of CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND, and their ladies help two clubs for servicemen. In addition, the new Fighting Services Committee keeps in touch with the families of all men overseas, Rotarians or not. . . . SPRINGS, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotarians promised a mobile kitchen to be shipped to Britain, is caring for évacué children, and has established a bureau for free legal advice to the dependents of men at the front. . . . TORQUAY, ENGLAND, Rotarians, together with Toc-H and the Good Companions, have started a canteen and hostel for men in service.

\$1,300 Carnival Nets Good Deeds To finance an ambitious program of aid for Boy Scouts, a hospital, the high-school band and orchestra, and other community activities, the Rotary Club of WINDSOR, VT., gave a two-day carnival which "packed them in"—the streets—and netted \$1,300.

Magic! 10 Cents Become Dollars!! Rotarians of GERMANTOWN, OHIO, brought a gift worth

10 cents to a recent meeting. Gifts were auctioned and reauctioned to the highest bidder until \$77.16 had been raised—to purchase fruit and candy for young school children.

Dayton Sponsors Technical School Long interested in vocational training, the Rotary Club of DAYTON, OHIO, which includes among its honorary members Orville Wright and C. F. Kettering, has sponsored the Dayton Rotary Technical Institute. Using the facilities of the Y.M.C.A. College, a



MISS Spears and Juedeman, Oklahoma champions, demonstrate cheese making and various recipes for Rotarians of Bristow.

practical course, ten weeks of 40 hours a week, is offered youths between 18 and 25. The first two weeks is a trial period. Three-fourths of the time is actually spent at machine tools, and local firms coöperate with the placement bureau of the College in employing graduates. The Rotary Club will lend worthy applicants some of the \$95 tuition, if necessary.

Hoosiers Hear Finnish Student

The Rotary Club of GREENCASTLE, IND., invited students from other lands attending the local DePauw University to join its members in hearing a Finnish exchange student from Wittenburg College tell his war experiences. The speaker had served in a ski battalion in the Russo-Finnish War.

'Old Number 2' The second Rotary Club was founded in 1908 at SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. A Club Service project just completed is a handsome 196-page history of the Club and its members, officers, and projects since it came into being. The limited edition has already been exhausted.

Rotary Continues to Add More Clubs Since last month's report on new Clubs, ten more have been admitted to Rotary fellowship. The newly admitted Clubs are Rio Claro, Brazil; Leeton, Australia; Marseilles, Ill.; Valera, Venezuela; Piraju, Brazil; Marcelino Ugarte, Argentina; Saladillo, Argentina; Chascomús, Argentina; Ridgefield, Conn.; Amos, Que., Canada.

Canadian Club Is Red Cross Branch HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA, Rotarians and their ladies have accepted the responsibility of operating the Rotary Red Cross Branch, one of three such branches in the city. Materials are supplied by the Red Cross, workers are volunteers throughout the city; supervision and minor expenses are taken care of by the Rotarians.

'Rotary Derby' To "snap up" its attendance record, the Rotary Club of OGDEN, UTAH, put on a 12-week "Rotary derby." The entries were 25 members whose presence had been notably lax. Tickets were sold by number, 25 on each of 25 numbers, and then a drawing held, where each number was assigned to an entry. After this, each lax attendant had 25 reminders for each meeting and 25 invitations to make up when he had to miss. Result—with final returns not yet in—19 out of 25 had perfect attendance at the last check-up.

'Sister' Clubs Help 'Sisters'

American Rotary Clubs with English "sisters"—Clubs in towns of the same name in England—have been actively coöperating during the siege of Britain. NEEDHAM, MASS., is raising funds for a rolling kitchen for NEEDHAM, ENGLAND. . . . GREENWICH, CONN., has raised \$600 for sufferers in GREENWICH, ENGLAND. . . . NORWICH, CONN., is raising money for an ambulance

for its English sister city. . . . WINCHESTER, MASS., entertained 13 refugees from Britain, and is raising funds for a rolling kitchen for WINCHESTER, ENGLAND. . . . PHILADELPHIA, PA., "daughter" Club of NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, has followed its gift of two mobile feeding units with \$1,250 for the relief of the sufferers from bombing raids.

Ice & Snow Don't Cool Rotary Ardor

Whether it is because they have to keep going because of the cold—or, what is more likely, because they are good Rotarians—the Rotary Clubs of the Far North had a fine Christmas season. MALARTIC, QUE., CANADA, Rotarians, not content with counting most of the active town council as members, nor even with, in their first year, sponsoring the new Club at AMOS, QUE., as reported above, gave their city its first community Christmas tree. . . . Incidentally, FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, Rotarians, holding their charter night in January, discovered that they would have to travel 600 miles, to JUNEAU, in order to "make up," if they ever are unfortunate enough to miss a meeting.



LEFT without a caterer, Daytona Beach, Fla., Rotarians now cook, serve their own meals.



WALTHAM, MASS., Rotarians, aided by schoolgirls, developed this "civic report card."



ROTARY monument being built by 113th District Rotarians atop Mt. Evans' 14,060 peak, near Denver. It will be dedicated at the Convention, June 15-20, by Vice-President Allison Ware.



ELEVEN British "war guests," at a recent Oshawa, Ont., Canada, Rotary Club party. Standing: Rotarian Harry James, Mayor J. C. Anderson, and Rotarian Maurice Hart, Club President. Photo: Campbell



STOP PRESS! Word has just been received as this issue goes to press that the Nominating Committee for President of Rotary International has selected Tom J. Davis, of Butte, Mont., as Nominee for President of Rotary International for the year 1941-1942.

Nominee Davis is at present Chairman of the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International and has served as Third Vice-President (1924-25), as District Governor, and on various international Committees. His Rotary classification is "Law Practice, General" and he is active in his profession as well as in Rotary.

Board 'Flashes.' At the January meeting of Rotary's Board of Directors it was decided that because of continued travel difficulties, the 1942 Convention, previously set tentatively for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, will not be held there. Toronto, Ont., Canada, which was to have had the 1941 Convention, is being considered. The Board also made provision for a series of weekly half-hour radio broadcasts on the activities of Rotary Clubs and Rotarians. The first program will be Sunday, February 23, over the Mutual Broadcasting System, 2 P.M. Central Standard Time.

Vocational Service? Can you think of a better expression? In memory of the late "BILL" EMERSON, Past Director of Rotary International and always extremely interested in what we now call Vocational Service, the Rotary International Aims and Objects Committee has accepted an anonymous gift of \$100 to be awarded as a prize for what will be adjudged the best suggestion for a term that more clearly describes the Second Object of Rotary than does the present term, "Vocational Service." This prize competition will close December 1, 1941, and the rules will be published as soon as they can be worked out.

Merrily They Rolled. Six Nebraska Rotarians, on their way to the Rose Bowl football game at year's end in Pasadena, Calif., met on the train. Promptly they held a "Rotary" meeting. Present were ARTHUR H. BACKUS, of Columbus; GEORGE S. LYON, of Falls City; WILLIAM W. COOK and HARRY M. HEPPERLEN, of Beatrice; FLOYD D. FURTAK, of Schuyler; and O. J. LOHR, of Ashland. While, under the rules of Rotary's attendance contest, this was not an official "make-up," it is a fine example of keeping the Rotary spirit of fellowship alive.

Wasted a Meeting! FRED L. HAAS, Club Service member of Rotary's Aims and Objects Committee and a member of the Omaha, Nebr., Rotary

Club, recently made nine visits to as many Kansas Clubs: two every day—noon and evening meetings—except Monday, when he skipped an evening session.

No Rival! Proposed as a "possible rival to Scoopy," THE SCRATCHPAD MAN's dog, Miss Waggie, shown here with DISTRICT GOVERNOR HARRY A. STARR, is a regular attendant at meetings of the Natick, Mass., Rotary Club. She accompanies her "boy friend," ROTARIAN WRAY P. WHITE, but CLUB PRESIDENT LEWIS E. WHIPPLE is not

willing to admit lady members, as yet.

Fame! Long an elector of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans, on the campus of New York University, WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, honorary Rotarian of New Haven, Conn., and professor emeritus of English literature at Yale University, has been appointed director of the national shrine. As "BILLY" PHELPS, he writes a monthly page of comment on "new books and things" for THE ROTARIAN.

Rotarians in Congress. Of the 435 members of the House of Representatives in the 77th Congress, 47 are Ro-



YOUR Board of Directors holds its regular January meeting; President Pereira in the chair. Pictured, left to right (standing): Jeff H. Williams (U.S.A.); C. Albert Oulton (Canada); Joseph R. Sandifer (U.S.A.); Samuel T. J. Bennett (U.S.A.); Harold I. Covault (U.S.A.). (Seated): Walter D. Head (U.S.A.); Allison Ware (U.S.A.); Armando de Arruda Pereira (Brazil); Cesar D. Andrade (Ecuador); Angus S. Mitchell (Australia).

tarians. In the Senate, 16 (possibly 17) of the 96 Senators are Rotarians. This latter figure is complicated by the fact that JOSEPH ROSIER, of Fairmont, W. Va., Past District Governor, has been appointed by the new Governor of the State to fill an unexpired term, but the outgoing Governor also made an appointment, and the issue was not settled at press time.

Herewith is the list of Rotarians who compose 11.9 percent of the 77th Congress ("A." signifies active member; "F.A." former active member; and "H." honorary member):

House of Representatives

Arkansas: E. C. GATHINGS (F.A.; H., West Memphis).

California: THOMAS ROLPH (A., San Francisco); ALBERT E. CARTER (A., Oakland).

Colorado: WILLIAM S. HILL (A., Fort Collins); J. EDGAR CHENOWETH (F.A.; H., Trinidad).

Idaho: HENRY C. DWORSHAK (F.A., H., Burley. Past District Governor).

Illinois: NOAH M. MASON (A., LaSalle); WILLIAM H. WHEAT (F.A.; H., Rantoul).

Indiana: CHARLES A. HALLECK (F.A.; H., Rensselaer); RAYMOND S. SPRINGER (F.A.; H., Connersville).

Iowa: THOMAS E. MARTIN (A., Iowa City); WILLIAM S. JACOBSEN (A., Clinton); KARL M. LECOMPTE (F.A.; H., Corydon).

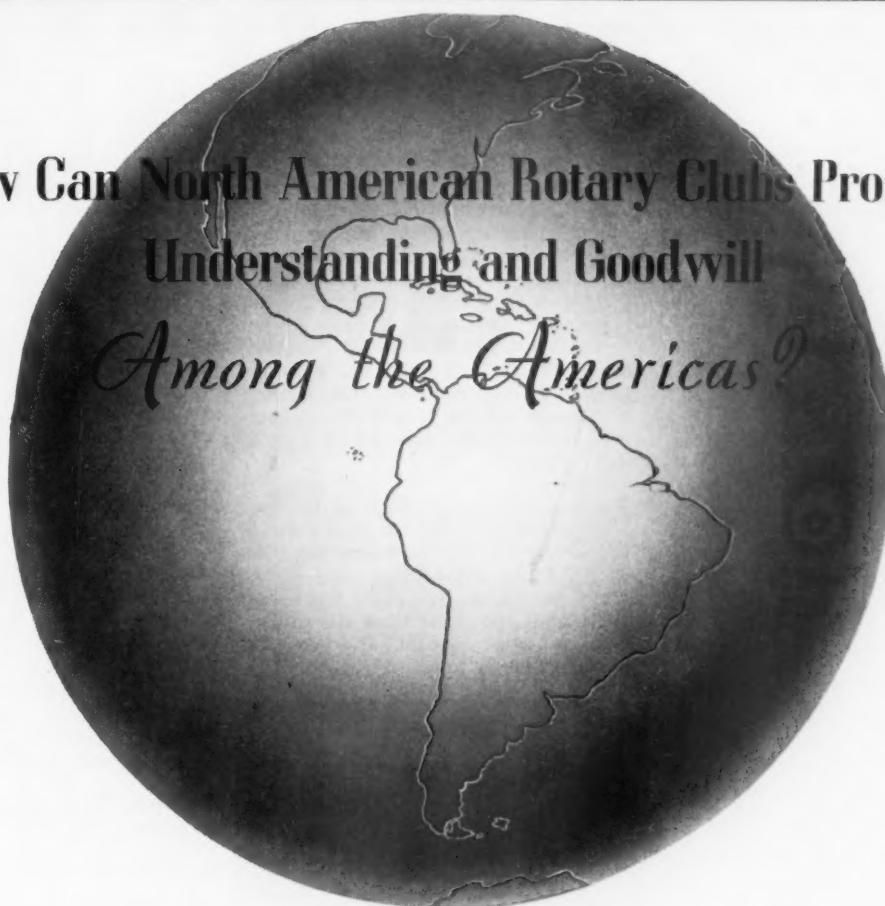
Maryland: WILLIAM P. COLE, JR. (F.A.; H., Towson).

Massachusetts: CHARLES R. CLASON (A., Springfield); PEHR G. HOLMES (A., Worcester); GEORGE J. BATES (F.A.; H., Salem); JOSEPH W. MARTIN, JR. (F.A.; H., North Attleboro).

Michigan: EARL C. MICHENER (F.A.; H., Adrian); PAUL W. SHAFER (F.A.; H., Battle Creek).

Mississippi: JOHN E. RANKIN (F.A.; H., Tupelo); WALL DOXEY (F.A.; H., Holly Springs).

How Can North American Rotary Clubs Promote Understanding and Goodwill Among the Americas?



Everybody is talking of the need for better relations among the Americas, BUT what can a typical Rotary Club in Canada or the United States do about it? *THE ROTARIAN* seeks a *detailed and carefully explained plan* that can be passed on.

Think about it, read about it, then work out your program—being as specific as you can. You can tell about Rotary Club programs, for example, bookshelves on Latin America for local libraries, "Fourth Object Subscriptions" to *REVISTA ROTARIA*, Spanish classes, entertainment for Consuls, students, and commercial representatives from "south of the

border." . . . Those are but a few ideas. More will come to you as you study the possibilities.

Your entry should not exceed 1,800 words (about six double-spaced typewritten pages of ordinary letterhead size—one side of the sheet only). All manuscripts submitted are to become the property of *THE ROTARIAN*.

Any active or honorary member of any Rotary Club in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda may enter. *But note:* Your entry must be received at the address below not later than April 1, 1941.

Announcement of the winners will be made as soon after the close of the contest as possible—in order to permit the winners to use their prizes as travel money for a trip to the great Convention of Rotary International at Denver, June 15-20.

Decision of three judges will be final. They (and alternates) are: CESAR D. ANDRADE, Guayaquil, Ecuador, member of the Board of Directors of Rotary International.

DONALD A. ADAMS, New Haven, Conn., U.S.A., Past President of Rotary International.

CRAWFORD C. McCULLOUGH, Fort William, Ontario, Canada, Past President of Rotary International.

Alternates

ISAAC JOSLIN COX, Professor of Latin-American History, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., U. S. A.
CARL F. HUTH, Professor of History, Dean of University College, University of Chicago.
LESTER W. ELIAS, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A., member of Rotary's Committee to Confer with the International Auxiliary Language Association.

\$175 in PRIZES

The First Prize will be \$100; and the winning manuscript will be printed in the June issue of *THE ROTARIAN*.

The Second Prize will be \$50; Third Prize, \$25.

Up to 25 Honorable Mentions will receive a year's subscription to *REVISTA ROTARIA*, the Spanish edition of *THE ROTARIAN*.

SEND ALL ENTRIES TO

THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

55 East Wacker Drive

Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

All entries must be received at the above address on or before April 1, 1941



ROTARIAN C. P. Sandifer built this hut for Crowell, Tex., Cub (age under 12) Scouts.

Nebraska: CARL T. CURTIS (F.A.; H., Minden); HARRY B. COFFEE (F.A.; H., Chadron).

New Jersey: ELMER H. WENE (A.; Vineland); DONALD H. MCLEAN (F.A.; H., Elizabeth).

New Mexico: CLINTON P. ANDERSON (F.A.; H., Albuquerque. Past President of Rotary International).

New York: ANDREW L. SOMERS (A., Brooklyn); WILLIAM T. BYRNE (A., Albany); CLARENCE E. KILBURN (A., Malone); FRANCIS D. CULKIN (F.A.; H., Oswego); JOSEPH J. O'BRIEN (F.A.; H., East Rochester); JAMES W. WADSWORTH (F.A.; H., Geneseo).

North Carolina: ROBERT L. DOUGHTON (H., West Jefferson).

Ohio: CLARENCE J. BROWN (F.A.; H., Blanchester); THOMAS A. JENKINS (F.A.; H., Ironton); A. D. BAUMHART, JR. (F.A.; H., Vermilion).

Oklahoma: SAM C. MASSINGALE (F.A.; H., Cordell).

Pennsylvania: IVOR D. FENTON (F.A.; H., Mahanoy City); J. WILLIAM DITTER (A., Ambler); RICHARD M. SIMPSON (F.A.; H., Huntingdon); ROBERT L. RODGERS (A., Erie).

South Dakota: FRANCIS CASE (F.A.; H., Custer).

Tennessee: ALBERT GORE (H., Murfreesboro).

Texas: FRITZ G. LANHAM (H., Fort Worth).

Utah: J. W. ROBINSON (H., Provo).

Virginia: SCHUYLER OTIS BLAND (H., Newport News).

Senate

Arizona: CARL HAYDEN (H., Phoenix).

Florida: CHARLES O. ANDREWS (F.A.; H., Orlando).

Idaho: JOHN THOMAS (A., Moscow).

Indiana: RAYMOND E. WILLIS (F.A.; H., Angola. Past District Governor, Past R. I. Committeeman).

Iowa: GUY MARK GILLETTE (H., Cherokee).

Kansas: ARTHUR CAPPER (H., Topeka); CLYDE M. REED (H., Parsons).

Michigan: ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG (F.A.; H., Grand Rapids).

Nebraska: HUGH A. BUTLER (A., Omaha. Past District Governor, Past R. I. Committeeman).

Nevada: BERKELEY L. BUNKER (A., Las Vegas).

New Hampshire: CHARLES W. TOBEY (F.A.; H., Manchester).

New Jersey: W. WARREN BARBOUR (H., Red Bank).

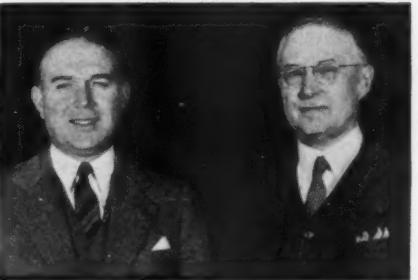
Ohio: HAROLD H. BURTON (H., Cleveland).

Texas: TOM CONNALLY (H., Marlin). **Vermont:** WARREN R. AUSTIN (A., Burlington).

Virginia: CARTER GLASS (H., Lynchburg); HARRY FLOOD BYRD (F.A.; H., Winchester).

Rotary Coincidence. When K. L. NAIK, then Secretary of the Bijapur, India, Rotary Club, asked for Rotary's aid in finding a correspondent representing agriculture in Australia, the request was relayed to GOVERNOR GARNET L. BUSS, of Rotary's 56th District, quite by chance. He turned to DR. ARTHUR GIBSON, Vice-President of the Rotary Club of Bundaberg, who not only accepted, but also reported that he had the pleasure of SECRETARY NAIK's personal acquaintance, formed at a technical congress in 1935.

All His. FRED DERBY recently presented a speaker's stand to the Topeka, Kans., Rotary Club. In presenting it he told his Club that he had planted the walnut, tended the tree, cut it down, and finally made the stand from the timber. He topped it all by carving a beautiful Rotary wheel in the front.



PERFECT attendance for 15 years is the record of son G. Thawley and father George T. Hayman, fellow Rotarians at Doylestown, Pa.

Pro-Pan-American Friends. DEWITT V. HUTCHINGS, of the Riverside, Calif., Rotary Club, has been so impressed by the future of Pan-American acquaintanceship that he has added a director of inter-American relations to the staff of his hotel. His duties will include lectures on political, economic, and cultural aspects of the Latin-American Republics and the fostering of travel.

'5-and-10' Man. JAMES E. MARSHALL, a member of the Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Rotary Club, is the man who brought the "5-and-10-cent store" to Brazil. A story of his progress and his contribution to Brazilian business occupies two of *Time's* crowded columns in the December 2, 1940, issue.

Honors. *Time* also had write-ups (November 25, 1940) of ROTARIANS ROBERT GREGG and CHARLES L. BRANSFORD, of Birmingham, Ala., key men in the expansion of steel production there. . . . And *Life* presented a picture of NATHANIEL LEVERONE, a Chicago Rotarian, breaking a mirror to open the Friday the 13th meeting of the Antisuperstition Society, of which he is president. The Society holds its meetings regularly on Friday the 13th at the Merchants and Manufacturers Club of Chi-

cago. . . . JOE E. TIMBERLAKE, of Columbia, S. C., Governor of Rotary's 190th District, is president of the National American Wholesale Grocers Association.

Cambridge Springs, Pa., turned out in full for the dual celebration of the birthday of ROTARIAN REV. W. A. COBB and the 40th anniversary of his "call" to the ministry of the local Presbyterian church . . . Provo, Utah, Rotarians learned recently that fellow member SIDNEY W. RUSSELL had been elected a director of the Utah Furniture Association Board and that ROTARIAN PRESTON E. ASHTON had been selected for a similar position by the Utah Automobile Dealers Association. . . . ROTARIAN ASA S. BACON, of Chicago, Ill., was triply feted by his associates when he retired after 40 years of service as superintendent of the Presbyterian Hospital. He celebrated his 75th birthday at one of the three dinners tended him.

CYRUS CHURCHILL, a member of the Rotary Club of Moline, Ill., has been elected president of the Rock Island (Ill.) County Bar Association . . . HONORARY ROTARIAN B. O. JONES, of Chicago, Ill., holds the honored title of "No. One Goodfellow" for his Christmas-basket activities in this civic enterprise, and besides, organizes the Rotary Christmas-basket donations of "Old Number One."

Willkie's Classmate. Flowers, poker, bowling, and music are the hobbies of WILBUR T. GRUBER, Assistant Secretary of the Indianapolis, Ind., Rotary Club. A story in a local newspaper credits him with "running the Club" for 12 to 14 hours a day, and with being a stickler for proper menus. He has discovered that pie saves three minutes over ice cream as dessert! When a student at Indiana University, among his classmates were WENDELL L. WILLKIE, Presidential candidate in 1940, and PAUL V. McNUTT, Federal Security Administrator.

Foundation Trustees. ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, President of Rotary International, has appointed the following as Honorary Trustees of the Rotary Foundation for the calendar year 1941: ARCH C. KLUMPH, Cleveland, Ohio, as Chairman, and as members: MAURICE DUPERREY, Paris, France; MANUEL GAETE FAGALDE, Santiago, Chile; DONATO GAMINARA, Montevideo, Uruguay; PAUL P. HARRIS, Chicago, Ill.; HERBERT C. HOOV-

Photo: Houck



PRESIDENT Emeritus Paul Harris, guest at Past Presidents' Day, Corona, Calif., Club.

FOR MEN OVER 40

An Opportunity

Offered You By a Man Who Built a Nationwide Busi- ness After the Age of 55

Starting from scratch, but with a business device that thousands of companies have since installed, the writer of this advertisement has proved that the seasoned, mature man has nothing to fear from life if he works in the right field. So many of our most successful men are well beyond forty, that we are addressing this advertisement to more such men, feeling that they will be a definitely greater asset to us.

Not A "Get-Rich-Quick" Scheme

Please understand. The only way you can make money with this proposition is by showing results. But take a look at the following: A. O. Davis of New York who made \$110.77 clear in one day (SEVEN were REPEAT orders); E. L. Taylor, Virginia, \$58.35 in a single day; L. F. Strong, Kansas, \$163.38 profit in two days. If a few others interest you, read about these: C. W. Ferrell, who passed 1,000 sale mark, each paying from \$5 to \$60 net profit per sale; I. J. Keuper, Delaware, over \$1,000 clear his first month, and so forth, more than we can mention here.

Not "A Morning Glory"

As a sound business man, you ask, "Is this a flash in the pan that will be here today, gone tomorrow?" The answer is that we have now been a national factor for over ten years, yet have barely scratched the surface because you can't get around to see hundreds of thousands of prospects even in ten years. We have men who have been with us for years, still with us today, busy, making real money, plenty of it, and happy to be with us.

A Proved, Valuable Business Device

First, and briefly (not much space left now)—We sell a device that does for anywhere from less than 2% to 10% of the former cost a job that must be done in probably 99% of the offices in the country. You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays

our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$88.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. It has been put into use by schools, hospitals, newspapers, etc., as well as thousands of large and small businesses in 135 lines. Practically every line is represented by these field reports we furnish you, which hardly any business man can fail to understand. And you make a minimum of 67 cents on every dollar's business—on repeat orders as well as first orders—and as high as \$1,167 on each \$1,500 business done.

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the device without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer!



No Money Need Be Risked

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'Bill' Buning Still Well. Dated November 10, a postcard from WILLIAM DE COCK BUNING, of The Hague, The Netherlands, former Chairman of the European Advisory Committee of Rotary International, announced that he was well and sent his best greetings to all his friends, expressing the hope that after the present troubles are over he might be united with them.

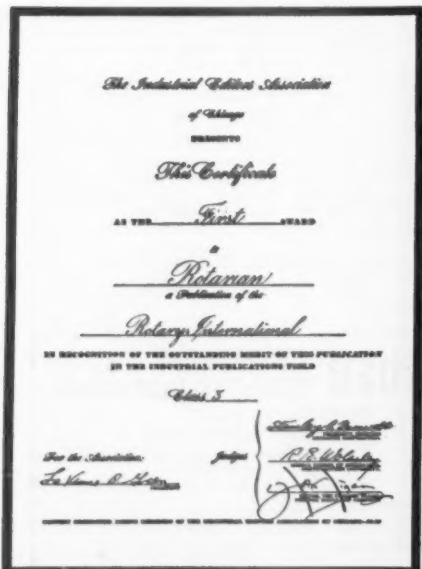


Seal Sale. Many Rotary Clubs annually take part in the sale of the Easter Seals of the National Society for Crippled Children. We show a reproduction of the 1941 seal. The funds raised in this manner go toward the aid of some half-million crippled children.

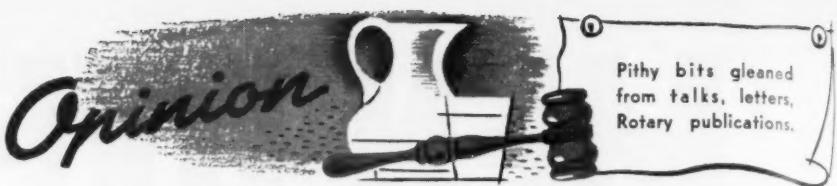
President Pereira's Travels. Following the January meeting of the Board of Directors, ARMANDO DE A. PEREIRA, Rotary's First Officer, started out to visit the Rotary Clubs of Toledo, Ohio (Feb. 3); St. Paul, Minn. (Feb. 4); Roanoke, Va. (Feb. 6); Brazil, Ind. (Feb. 12); and Brantford, Ont., Canada (Feb. 14).

Thakur Takes Over. Since his official duties for his Government keep him in New York, COLONEL C. WARREN-BOULTON, of Calcutta, India, Governor of District 88 (Afghanistan, Burma, and Northern India), is temporarily unable to perform his Rotary tasks. B. T. THAKUR, of Karachi, India, Immediate Past Governor of the District, has been appointed to "carry on" until GOVERNOR WARREN-BOULTON can return.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



THE ROTARIAN Magazine ranked first in a recent contest of Industrial Editors Association of Chicago for "outstanding merit."



Pithy bits gleaned from talks, letters, Rotary publications.

Parenthood—a Challenge to Youth

C. WALTON JOHNSON, *Rotarian*
Camp Director
Asheville, North Carolina

Not trial marriage or mere wedlock, but motherhood and fatherhood and family life with children must be the highest and most satisfying adventure for youth. Next to religion, parenthood is perhaps the greatest of all motivating forces. How many of us would establish a business or a profession, build beautiful homes or buy insurance, or build churches, or pay taxes for schools, parks, and playgrounds if we had no children or no hope of having any? Was there ever a greater moral restraint than fatherhood or a more ennobling experience than motherhood? There was infinite wisdom back of the idea of parenthood and the family. Youth must be challenged by this idea. We can encourage boys and girls to prepare for and gladly accept the responsibilities and privileges of honorable marriage and parenthood.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Fellowship—an End, a Means

DEWITT LOMAS, *Past Service*
Secretary, *Rotary Club*
Kewanee, Illinois

Before making friends, we must, first of all, have acquaintances, and it is hoped that all Rotary Clubs will keep in mind the importance of Rotary fellowship, both as an end in itself and as a means to an end. Let us not forget that if Rotary is not a friendly organization, then it is nothing at all!—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Hidden Reserves of Strength

ZIVKO VEKARIC, *Rotarian*
Tourist-Traffic Executive
Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia

As a fresh spring from a gray rock which brings new life to fields devastated by hurricane and by drought, so from the charred ruins of successive tragic epochs rises the hope of a better mankind, of a better order among nations, thus preserving the belief in a higher spiritual life during times of general depression. This is one of those hidden reserves of moral and physical strength which enable mankind to make superhuman efforts at a moment when everything seems to be lost.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

A Decade of Bewilderment

JOHN H. LAMY, *Hon. Rotarian*
Clergyman
Van Wert, Ohio

The decade of the '30s was one of bewilderment, occasioned by the erroneous belief that all right is immediately rewarded and all wrong is immediately punished. That neither in history nor in Scripture nor elsewhere is there a foundation for such a belief does not

alter the fact that many did so believe. And when events turned out as they did, the resultant bewilderment was to be expected. We had forgotten that while right ultimately triumphs, there are often moments of temporary defeat, during which the best of men sometimes suffer for the cause.

Make Men, Not Scholars

A. E. REID, *Rotarian*
Teacher
Dauphin, Manitoba, Canada

The main purpose of education should not be to make scholars, but to make men and women. Next to health and character it is the duty of the educator to teach the ability to use experience. This is true intelligence. It has to do with analysis of problems, the formation of unbiased judgment, the sifting of evidence, and the careful weighing of propaganda. In the school it is the objective of the science teacher and the teacher of manual arts. In the home it is the ability to fix the lock on the door or to repair some broken appliance. With the girls it is the ability to make a batch of biscuits. Such ability to use experience does more to advance the cause of international unity than do Ph.D. degrees.—*From a Rotary Club address.*

Honest Men—a Nation's Bulwark

PERRY C. BURKS, *Rotarian*
Municipal Government Admin.
Amarillo, Texas

The men who are honest and trying to be good, loyal American citizens—yet are having to toil and struggle to pay their honest debts, to get their homes paid for, and to educate their children—form the majority of our citizenship and are the bulwark of our nation. These men will remain loyal American democratic citizens as long as they are dealt with honestly and will remain satisfied under our present Government. Rotary's code of ethics put into practice in and out of Rotary will insure for us, our children, and future generations a "democracy of the people, by the people, and for the people."

That Two-Letter Word 'My'

WILLIAM J. NEWLIN, *Rotarian*
College Professor
Amherst, Massachusetts

The English language is a very useful tool for the communication of ideas, but it is very dull—instead of sharp—in spots. Take, for instance, that little two-letter word "my." If I say to my cousin, "This is my portrait!" just what do I mean? That I own it (possessive)? That it is of me (objective)? That I painted it (creative)? Ambiguous, isn't it? And the "my" of "my cousin" is still another "my"!

There is another "my" of greater significance than any of these—the "my"

of participation! My town, my party, my club, my church, these identify me as an active participant in some form of group or community activity. I am no longer an independent individual, for I "belong"! I am no longer a private self; I am part of a public self, bigger than I am, more important than I am, but to which I am important, as an essential member, helping to make it what it is. It is my team, or college, or town, because I belong to it, and because it, too, belongs to me! I am part of it, and it is what it is because I—and others—are a part of it. And the very fact that others share in this relationship makes me share "my club" with them—so I say "our" town, "our" party, "our" Rotary. As it grows in strength and power, I grow with it; as I participate increasingly in its activities, I help it to grow, and I grow myself; in fact, I may very well measure the size of my "self" by the size and significance and meaning of the "groups" to which I belong.—*In the Amherst Rotary Reminder.*

Personality—Rotary's Strength

JOSEPH E. POOLEY, *Rotarian Educator*

Madison, New Jersey

One of the strengths of Rotary lies in the fact that man is considered as an entire personality. It recognizes the animal heritage with all its physical hungers and predacity; it takes into account the everlasting gregariousness of man. Hunger and gregariousness are the two prime reasons for a luncheon club. Rotary goes further. While recognizing man's animalistic nature, Rotary *emphasizes* those things that lift man from the level of the beast and place him "a little lower than the angels." Rotary must and does provide mental stimulus and spiritual outlet. Lunch? Of course. The idea of service? Certainly. Both go to make Rotary. No Club, though, will long succeed that neglects either function, but I suspect the Club to hand in its charter first is the one that suffers a preponderance of dollar eaters.

A 20th-Century Miracle

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, *Hon. Rotarian Educator and Literary Critic*

New Haven, Connecticut

The growth of Rotary International, which covers all the countries of the world except where it has been banished, is one of the numerous miracles of the 20th Century.

The man who founded Rotary, Mr. Harris, is alive today and in good health, and when he meditates on the realization of his dream, he must be a very happy man.

Rotary International has no political or racial bias. The word "Rotary" signifies that every individual Club is composed of men engaged in a variety of occupations. No propaganda of any kind characterizes either the addresses or the official views of the Clubs, for Rotary International is in truth exactly what the title implies.

Even in these present times I believe that eventually the influence of Rotary will be effective in the direction of world peace and civilization.—*From Cleveland, Ohio, Rotary Reminder.*

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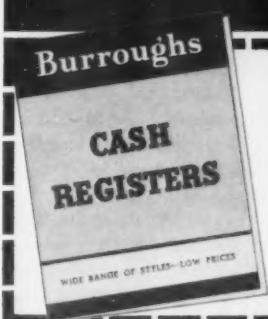
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Compulsory Arbitration of Labor Disputes?

No!—Says Edward Keating

[Continued from page 15]

under conditions which they regard as grossly unfair.

Our friend Governor Henry J. Allen 20 years ago set up an Industrial Court in my native State of Kansas. The Court adjusted a few minor strikes—the kind which could have been disposed of easily by any competent labor mediator—but when it undertook to enforce its mandate in major controversies, it simply didn't get anywhere.

I recall that on one occasion the Court attempted to restore peace in the Kansas coal fields. Some of the leaders of the strikers were sent to jail. Their followers refused to work until they were released. Even after the Miners' Union had declared the strike was unauthorized, only about half the men resumed the important business of digging coal. The others stubbornly held their ground. Of course, the Governor might have filled the jails with these men, but he was wise enough not to attempt it.

When the Court endeavored to compel an employer to accept what was an extremely conservative wage scale, he appealed to the courts. The United States Supreme Court, in a decision written by Justice Van Devanter, a most conservative gentleman, clipped the wings of the Industrial Court and it gradually faded out of the picture.

It might be well if businessmen and others who are disposed to look with favor on antistrike legislation were to ponder the following paragraphs from Justice Van Devanter's opinion:

The system of compulsory arbitration which the act establishes is intended to compel, and if sustained, will compel, the owner and the employees to continue the business on terms which are not of their making.

It will constrain them not merely to respect the terms, if they continue the business, but will constrain them to continue the business on those terms.

True, the terms have some qualifications, but, as shown in the prior decision, the qualifications are rather illusory and do not subtract much from the duty imposed.

Such a system infringes the liberty of contract and rights of property guaranteed by the due-process clause of the 14th Amendment.

The learned Justice saw quite clearly that compulsory arbitration is a two-edged sword. If the law can compel a worker to return to his job, although the conditions are unsatisfactory, it must be able to compel an employer to continue to operate, even if that means bankruptcy. It is not a pleasant prospect for either workers or businessmen.

If we are to abandon the conference table, discard mediation, and rely on force to achieve industrial tranquillity, we must, of course, set up some tribunal or individual clothed with the necessary authority. That court or individual will be picked by the government in power

and, unless we are willing to go a step further and deprive large groups of citizens of the right to vote, the make-up of the government will be determined at the ballot box.

It is not necessary to suggest that, in that event, employers and employees might be divided into hostile camps, each seeking to control the government in order that it might select a "czar" who would fix wages and working conditions satisfactory to a particular group.

The employers might have the "czar" today, but the workers, possessing a vast majority of the votes, might have him tomorrow. Even if we were to deprive voters of the ballot, and use sufficient force to drive them back to their jobs, we would still find we had not achieved industrial peace.

I have before me a survey I had something to do with making which shows just what happened wherever an attempt was made to settle industrial disputes by force. It is a story of bitter contest—and invariable failure. Space limitations will permit only two or three examples.

In 1910 France faced a general strike of railroad employees. It ended in six days, because the government of Aristide Briand, who at that time described himself as a "philosophical anarchist," called the striking employees to the colors and placed them under military orders. A ukase was then issued requiring the men to operate and maintain the railways. However, they never joined the Army, because they went back to work before the order became effective.

THAT sounds like a great victory for compulsion. But let's see what really happened.

The employees resorted to sabotage. No shipper was sure his freight would arrive at its destination on time. A shipment originating in Lyon and billed to Paris would disappear for weeks. Eventually it might turn up in the yards at Toulon or some other place.

When asked to explain, the workers pointed out that when they returned to work, 3,000 of their comrades had been refused reinstatement. These men, they asserted, were unusually competent, while their substitutes were very incompetent. That was not a convincing alibi, perhaps, but what could the officials do?

Curiously enough, the freight shipments which got into the most trouble were those billed to rich manufacturers and merchants.

Premier Briand did his best to save his face, but before six months had passed

every demand made by the workers when they first threw down their tools was granted, and the 3,000 men who had been "blacklisted" were restored to their jobs.

Most of us have read a little English history, and, therefore, we know something about how workers were treated in England during various periods. At one time workers who dared talk about unions and higher wages were thrown into jail or exiled. Some suffered even more serious punishment. Eventually the rulers of Britain cast compulsion aside, not because they had suddenly become altruists, but because they had discovered that the system wouldn't produce results. Strikes came and went without regard to law, injunctions, or oppressive court decisions.

ALWAYS these disturbances affected more and more workers and increased the number of working days lost, both in general and in specific industries. In some instances these strikes took on the aspects of rebellion against the existing order of things.

So, in 1906, the Trades Dispute Act was passed and unions have flourished like a green bay tree ever since. British employers take unionization as a matter of course, and no one interferes with a strike unless it can be shown that it is directed against the Government.

This policy is paying rich dividends at this moment when Britain, with her back to the wall, needs the loyal support of every citizen. The workers have responded so loyally that Premier Churchill, an extreme conservative and regarded at one time as the archenemy of the unions, has placed Ernest Bevin in control of everything that has to do with labor, and Bevin is the chief of the Transport Workers' Federation, one of the most militant organizations in the country.* Every trade-union leader is coöperating with Bevin. They will "deliver the goods," but they will deliver them as freemen, not as slaves.

Australia and New Zealand are often cited as countries where compulsory arbitration has been a success. As a matter of fact, after the setting up of compulsory tribunals, strikes increased, and soon industrial courts, even if they continued to function, were as valueless as Governor Allen's Court in Kansas. Occasionally they would settle a controversy, but, in the main, unions called strikes when they saw fit, and then proceeded to reach an agreement with their employers through the usual channels of negotiation.

As I said at the beginning, the situation as of today is in no sense alarming. Americans need not worry about the future if they will only keep in mind a few simple principles.

They must remember they are dealing

* For ROTARIAN article by Ernest Bevin, see February issue: *Britain in Social Transition*.

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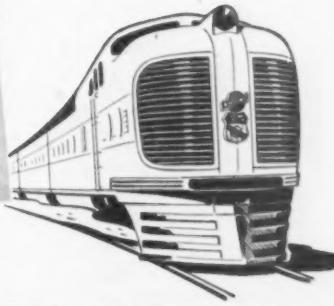
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with men who have read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution and are proud of the fact that they are freemen.

Unionization should be encouraged, not discouraged; and labor should always retain the right to strike, but should use it only when other and better methods have failed.

Government can help by strengthening the mediation services in state and nation. Those services have done a marvelous job during the last quarter of a century and are constantly becoming more efficient, largely because they command the confidence of the employers as well as the employees.

Of course, there will be occasional flare-ups and, unfortunately, the newspapers will exaggerate their importance, placing scare headlines over stories which relate that 200 or 300 men are "out" and that the union is making "shocking demands"—like a minimum wage of 50 cents an hour.

Sensible people will not be disturbed by such developments. Such strikes will not endanger the republic or slow up national defense, and the contractor who is not willing to pay a minimum of 50 cents an hour is "chiselling" on his Government as well as on his employees.

Let's keep our heads, develop our sense of fair play, and all will be well.

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

family of .22s—hand gun, kid's plinker, or match rifle—are very much faster.

Try a few more: Uncle Sam's Springfield rifle has a muzzle velocity of about 2,700 feet a second. The Swift spits a bullet at 4,000 feet a second, and that comes to 45 miles a minute or 2,700 miles an hour!

I suggest that for extreme accuracy, your title should have read *Faster Than Bullets—Sometimes*.

Mr. McDermott advises that he used Associated Press figures, which evidently compared the speed of planes using the new gas with the speed of bullets not at the muzzle, but the average speed over their effective range. A few weeks after Mr. McDermott's article appeared, Time carried a story about a plane making 620 miles an hour, pointing out that this was faster than the muzzle velocity of service revolvers.—Eds.

Brazilian Bouquet

From HERMANO FRANCO MACHADO
*Governador do Distrito 29
Porto Alegre, Brasil*

Neste mês de janeiro de 1941, quando THE ROTARIAN completa o seu 30º aniversário de luta jornalística e de difusão e propaganda eficientes dos ideais rotarianos, é para mim motivo de grande satisfação o ensejo que se me proporciona, de trazer-lhe com a presente os meus cumprimentos, com os votos mais sinceros de crescente e ininterrupto progresso, para proveito de Rotary e dos objetivos visados pelo mesmo.

As minhas felicitações muito cordeais,

extensivas, como é bem de ver-se, à todos os esforçados que cooperaram ou tem cooperado para a situação invejável da grande revista da nossa instituição.

Ottawa Octogenarian Active

From A. P. ELDER, Hon. Rotarian
*Former Chamber of Commerce Sec'y
Ottawa, Kansas*

I was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Ottawa, and after reaching my 85th birthday and after a service of 15 years as secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, I was made a life member of the Chamber and an honorary member of the Rotary Club. I read THE ROTARIAN regularly and was particularly interested in Allen D. Albert's *What Makes a GOOD Town?* [January issue]. I asked each member of our Club to read the article, as well as the 4-H Club article preceding it [A Boy and a Girl—And How They Grew Up]. I find I have created some interest in a survey such as Dr. Albert suggests, and I have tendered our Community Service Committee Chairman my services to that end.



A. P. Elder

Thanks'—and Here's Another

From MRS. WALTER F. WHEELER
*Wife of Rotarian
Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada*

I want to thank those of your readers who so generously helped me to locate the recitation entitled *Jud Brown's Account of Rubinstein's Playing*. Now I take the liberty of asking for more help—this time for one entitled *Address to a Mummy*. It begins: "And hast thou walked about (how strange a story!) in Thebes streets 2,000 years ago."

4-H Club Pictorial Approved

By DEAN S. RICHMOND, *Rotarian High-School Principal
Holtville, California*

The Holtville Rotary Club has made available to the Holtville Union High School, each month, a copy of THE ROTARIAN and the Spanish edition, REVISTA ROTARIA. These magazines are very helpful and inspiring to our faculty and students.

We think your pictorial presentation of 4-H Club activities in the January issue, *A Boy and a Girl—And How They Grew Up*, will be of great help and interest to Rotarians in understanding such youth organizations and will further benefit and encourage youth organizations themselves.

Gets Man's-Eye View'

By MRS. J. J. McSHANE
*Wife of Rotarian
Davenport, Iowa*

Even though this letter reaches you too late to be entered in the "Why I Read My Husband's ROTARIAN" contest [see page 58 of February issue for winning letter], I do want to voice my ap-

preciation of your magazine and of my privilege of reading it. It is stimulating to read a magazine devoted to the affairs of an outstanding man's organization, to get the man's viewpoint, and to be able to discuss with my husband the many splendid articles by well-known authors. First of all, for a birdseye view of good current literature, I turn to Dr. William Lyon Phelps' page. I also enjoy the human touch which comes in reading about Rotarians and their wives. . . .

'I Read My Boss's Rotarian'

Says RUTH GEHRINGER
Kansas City, Missouri

Though I was not eligible for the "Why I Read My Husband's ROTARIAN" contest, I must say that I am always the first one to read THE ROTARIAN when it comes to my boss's office—and I often call his attention to articles in which I think he will be interested.

In the January issue of THE ROTARIAN I particularly enjoyed the article by Will Durant, *Ten Steps Up from the Jungle*. I never fail to read articles of the kind whenever I can.

I particularly enjoy the pictures, and feel just a little added pride to hear of the children "made whole" by the works of Rotarians.

Anent Newfoundland

By JAMES R. EWING, *Fur Mfr.
Secretary, Rotary Club
St. John's, Newfoundland*

Your article on Canada [December, 1940, ROTARIAN], which also made some reference to Newfoundland, has received some comment from one of our leading newspapers, the *Evening Telegram*. In an editorial on December 11, it said:

An article on *What I Saw in Canada* in the December number of THE ROTARIAN contains a double-page map of the "Dominion of Canada and Crown Colony of Newfoundland." The American newsman whose account the map is intended to illustrate points out that as a result of an interrogatory barrage from persons with whom he



came into contact that though "Americans know little of their neighbor to the north, so Canadians don't know much about the United States."

The writer might have concluded from the lack of information displayed by Canadians of their large neighbor to the south that their knowledge of a smaller neighbor might be even less reliable. It is assumed the information that Newfoundland was a Crown Colony was obtained there. So far,

Newfoundland is not aware that it has been placed in this category. . . . The possessions known as Crown Colonies come under the jurisdiction of the British Colonial Office, whereas matters relating to Newfoundland come under the Secretary of State for the Dominions.

The nearest approach to a definition of Newfoundland's status is a Dominion with its constitution suspended. How long it may remain suspended, whether it will fully be restored, whether it will revert to Crown Colony status, or what it may become, is a question for the future to determine and nothing can be assumed.

* Our map maker's apologies to Newfoundland for incorrectly explaining its unique place in the British Commonwealth of Nations. As the Telegram so succinctly makes clear, it is a Dominion with its constitution suspended, and not, as incorrectly labelled, a Colony.—Eds.

As a letter of comment on the article in the February "Rotarian" by Judge Ernest L. Reeker, "An Appeal to Parents," the following has been chosen as the best submitted. The Rotarian who selected it is the father of three children, and has Youth Service as his particular field of Rotary interest. For announcement of another letter-writing contest—for the ladies this time—see page 3.—Eds.

Agrees with Judge Reeker

Says MRS. THOMAS B. PORTWOOD
Wife of Rotarian
San Antonio, Texas

We have three adolescent children. I heartily endorse Judge Reeker's views and his eight points for parents. I do not see how anyone could disagree.

The child who will never appear before Judge Reeker is the happy child. It is our job as parents to make our children happy. This does not mean providing amusement, a large allowance, a life of idleness.

Here are a few suggestions:

Every child needs a room of his own. If this is not possible, let him have a chest, or shelves, to store his treasures and possessions, be they odd rocks, bottles, stray radio parts, or what not.

Hobbies should be encouraged and respected. Never ridicule them nor laugh at them, regardless of how weird and grubby the collections may be.

Parents should not depend too much on outside organizations to provide amusement and supervision for children. Family outings and evenings at home can be fun. Real companionship may result. However, it is often a mistaken idea that we must be pals with our children. It may embarrass everyone, and we lose that confidence and friendship we seek.

As far as possible, allow children to be, dress, and do as their contemporaries. Sullenness and heartache occur when children are made to follow ideas and patterns "outside the groove." Let your daughter of 15 use lipstick if this will make her feel she belongs. It's not important. Put up with that fearsome sports creation of your son. He needs to look like the other fellows. Of course, never allow cheap conduct nor questionable companionship.

We all love praise. Never stint in praising a job well done, a situation or problem well handled. Look constantly for the good and keep in mind Judge Reeker's eight points.



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WALTER EMERSON, 7 So. Dearborn, Chicago

REFUGEE AID

A Rotarian and his wife, now refugees in France, appeal for assistance to come to the United States of America at least for the duration of the war. The Rotarian was a member of Rotary Club in Czechoslovakia. The city in which he lived was annexed to Poland and later seized by Germany. Prior to the German occupation this Rotarian and his wife fled to Belgium and then in May, 1940, to France, where they are now refugees. They would like assistance in obtaining special visas allowing them to come to the United States, and would like to have financial assistance to prepay their passage from Lisbon to New York. This Rotarian's classification was "coal industry." He is a mining engineer, studied mining engineering at a Belgian university, was born in Luxembourg, and he and his wife are of Luxembourg nationality. He is an experienced worker in coal and petroleum products. Anyone who is willing and able to be of assistance can secure further details by writing to Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.



"LET'S go out and watch them rope goats," say Abilene, Tex., citizens most any pleasant Saturday or Sunday afternoon. And they do—by the hundreds!

How these goat-roping contests came to be is explained by one of the hobbyists, THOMAS K. EPLEN, a lawyer and the Secretary of the Abilene Rotary Club.

Practically every Texan 45 years old or older has grown up around livestock—even though, like the president of the Abilene Roping Club, ROTARIAN J. L. RHOADES (alias "Dusty"), he was born in Colorado. Naturally, the knack of roping is one that, like swimming, stays with a person, and the main thing is to practice it.

The Abilene Roping Club is an excuse for keeping up on the practice. DUSTY started it, for all right-minded rope swingers, in July, 1940. There were 20 charter members, but only REX A. SMITH, DUSTY, and myself are Rotarians. REX and I come from Texas stock farms, DUSTY from one in Colorado.

The thing started with a "herd" of four or five goats for a few of us, just to practice roping. We had a two-acre

patch of land on the outskirts of Abilene available, and we each had a horse and a rope—and we got ourselves some fun. So much so that we decided to form a club.

Since then—we now have 25 members—we have been holding roping contests on Sunday afternoons. At first they were just exhibitions, but then we exchanged visits and had competition with near-by roping clubs in other towns, and now, when we haven't a contest on, we choose up sides like boys do for baseball and we have our own team matches.

The contests are "roping and tying" against time. A goat is released from a chute and gets a 30-foot start before a roper can take out after him on his horse. He has to catch the goat within 75 yards. Anything under 35 seconds is expert. The goats learn pretty fast, too, and it takes a good horse and a good rider to catch one.

Since the beginning, we have invited the public, without charge, to watch the fun, and now they turn out in crowds up to 500. ROTARIAN WALTER JARRETT



THE GOAT is overtaken and the rider, swinging his loop, prepares to make his throw; then (below) holding the rope taut, the roper dismounts and approaches his catch to tie him.





USING a leather thong, two feet are looped.



FINALLY, one other foot is knotted to the first two, but the remaining foot is left free.

has set up amplifiers to announce the rider and his time.

Most of the boys use a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch rope instead of the regular $\frac{1}{2}$ - to $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch stake rope used for cattle. The loop is smaller and, generally speaking, all activities must be quicker than with calves or cattle. The "piggin" string that we use to tie is an ordinary leather thong or lacing.

Why do we use goats instead of calves? Well, they are more active in a smaller space and you can feed them on a fraction of what calves will eat.

In working cattle, the rider ties the rope to the saddle horn, but when he is working goats, the rope is left free, so that when he dismounts, he holds the rope taut over the saddle, inside the horn. When he reaches the goat, he discards the rope altogether, and depends on his "piggin." With cattle, the horse keeps the rope taut until the calf is tied and the loop cast off.

Because we are getting, well, not old and fat, but older and fatter, we do not dismount while the horse is in motion, as all good motion-picture cowboys do. As a result, in the months that the club has been functioning, we haven't had an accident in which anyone was injured.

Goats have become easy to find around Abilene, which grew up around the cattle business, but which has gone over to goats and sheep of recent years, since the wool market is better. Our original flock has increased until we have 25 good roping goats.

Each member of the club owns his horse and outfit, and there are no provisions for taking care of these, so each man takes care of his own horse at his own place.

The newspapers "cover" our activities as a regular sporting event, and it seems likely that goat roping will become a part of the regular rodeo programs. It takes more skill than calf roping, and it's plenty of fun for the 25 members of our club. Don't ask for

admittance—we have limited the number. If we get bigger, our two acres won't hold us all!

What's Your Hobby?

Maybe you like to eat alone, walk alone, ride alone, read alone. But when you are hobby-minded, the chances are 1,000 to 1 you want company. THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM will list your name here—if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family—and more likely than not your hobbyhorse will have fascinating company within three shakes of his sleek tail. Try it!

Goats: Mrs. Paul B. Seydel (wife of Rotarian—collects small replicas of goats), 1154 W. Paces Ferry Rd., N.W., Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.

Autographs: Mrs. L. H. Westrand (sister-in-law of Rotarian—collects clippings about and autographs of centenarians), 829 Ohio Ave., Lemoyne, Pa., U.S.A.

Spoons: Clarence M. Dannels (collects souvenirs spoons; would appreciate information about collections at reasonable rates), 301 S. Lawrence St., Montgomery, Ala., U.S.A.

Buttons: Mrs. Pat H. Norwood (wife of Rotarian—collects old and unique buttons), San Marcos, Tex., U.S.A.

Pitchers: Mrs. A. L. Duff (wife of Rotarian—collects chino pitchers; would like to hear from others similarly interested), Box 144, Seminole, Tex., U.S.A.

Pitchers: Dorothy Chatmas (daughter of Rotarian—collects three-inch pitchers, both American and from other countries, as well as antique), 900 Chatmas Amusement Co., Hearne, Tex., U.S.A.

Pitchers: Mary Brooke Kethley (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in collecting small pitchers), Cleveland, Miss., U.S.A.

Indians: J. B. Milam (collects books and pamphlets pertaining to American Indians, especially the Cherokee Tribe), Bank of Chelsea, Chelsea, Okla., U.S.A.

Stamps: Charlotte Kellogg (daughter of Rotarian—will exchange stamps with people in all countries—particularly the Western Hemisphere), 845 W. Hillcrest Blvd., Monrovia, Calif., U.S.A.

Stamps: Mrs. W. M. Briggs (wife of Rotarian—collects U.S. precancelled stamps, especially Bureau prints; interested in stamps of all States, Alaska, Hawaii, and The Philippines—for self and boys' clubs), King and Neil Avenues, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A.

Stamps: Margaret Murphy (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond and exchange stamps with other collectors in all lands), 1725 Marisol Dr., Ventura, Calif., U.S.A.

Stamps: Jacqueline Foret (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to exchange stamps and correspond with sons and daughters of other Rotarians), 1718 Modesto Ave., Modesto, Calif., U.S.A.

Amateur Radio: Robert H. Ebenreiter (wishes to contact fellow Rotarian who is a "ham," possibly to run a QSO from respective Club meetings), Ebenreiter Lumber Co., Sheboygan, Wis., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Jimmy Kotch (son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people in other lands), 401 Johnson St., Little Rock, Ark., U.S.A.

'Don't Disturb' Signs: Fred Franz (collects hotel "Do Not Disturb" signs, domestic and "foreign," preferably bearing hotel name; will send postage to hotel managers for cards), 2 Woodruff St., West Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Guns: C. G. Battles (brother of Rotarian—collects guns), Wellington, Ohio, U.S.A.

Match Covers: Harvey Watts, Jr. (son of Rotarian—will exchange covers with anyone in all parts of world), Room 106, Men's Hall, Crete, Nebr., U.S.A.

Pencils: John Kepler Williams (son of Rotarian—collects advertising pencils; will exchange), 408 N. Jefferson, Wellington, Kans., U.S.A.

Archery: Dr. Edwin C. Bock (interested in archery; would like to correspond with other archery enthusiasts), 60½ N. Main St., Fairfield, Iowa, U.S.A.

Tax Tokens: Mrs. Martin J. Welland (wife of Rotarian—wishes to enlarge her collection of metal sales tax tokens, past and present), 761 S. Green St., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

Directories: M. K. Hegstrom (collects telephone directories, especially from other countries; interested in exchanges or correspondence), St. James, Minn., U.S.A.

Recipes: Mrs. R. A. Morgan (wife of Rotarian—collects food recipes, new, old, unusual; will exchange), 412 Third Ave., Rome, Ga., U.S.A.

Bells: Mrs. Charles E. Crocker (wife of Rotarian—collects bells, from United States and other countries), 24 Dudley Ave., Newport, R. I., U.S.A.

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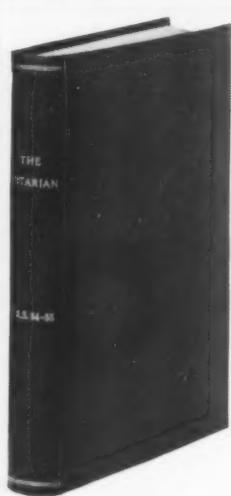
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My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to: Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The following "favorite" comes from Rotarian L. P. Jones, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Gus and Ole, at a Northern fishing resort, rented a hotel boat and found great fishing at a certain spot in a near-by lake, so great that they decided to mark the place and come back for more sport the next day. At the dock Gus said, "Ole, did you mark the spot?"

"Yah," replied Ole. "Ay put a chalk mark on this side of the boat."

"Boy, are you dumb!" exclaimed Gus. "Maybe ve von't get the same boat."

Lines from a Practical Man

Others more romantic ways may boast
And tell their love in fancy words
galore;
But I shall love you when you burn the
toast;
Tell me, my dear, can any man say
more?

—Marion H. Addington

Crossword Enigma

My first is in September. My second is in April. My third is in May. My fourth is in December. My fifth is in March. My sixth is in July. My whole is a gala day coming in the Spring.

Concealed Past Presidents

Two names of Past Presidents of Rotary International are concealed in each of the following sentences:

1. Through the brush, ill though I was, I saw her other boat.
2. They gave me additional work to do—some was new, some was work I'd handled before.
3. We took time to watch the light-

ning calculator as he added the figures; then we visited the spas called Bad Neuheim.

4. With drawn guns, approach was rapid, and not an eyelash flickered as he faced the ogre: inertia was perforce one of his qualities.

5. Oh, "arrisways" is an old architect's term for "ridgewise," and "trog," Erse or Scottish for "a bargain."

Anagram

The title of the following verse is an anagram, the letters of which may be transposed to form a well-known name. The verse is intended to give a clue to the solution:

COL. HAL BARIMANN

Not in wrath, the sword he drew,
But to guard the right.
Who more loyal, tender, true,
Ever fell in fight?

The answers to the three problems above will be found on page 63.—Eds.

Wisdom

Had Nature intended we speak more than
We quietly, wisely hear,
She then would have given to every man
Two mouths and a single ear.

—Ralph Keesaer

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Think It Over

A Californian is exhibiting a string, originally 14 miles long, in which he has tied one million knots during his spare time. Silly, isn't it? Yet he has a string with a million knots to show for his spare time—and what have you? —Washington Post.

That's Different

"What is the matter, my little man?" asked a sympathetic stranger to a small boy whom he saw crying.

"Please, sir, my dog's dead," sobbed the boy.

"Well," said the man, "you mustn't make such a trouble of it. My grandmother died last week, and I'm not crying."

"No," said the boy, "but you didn't bring her up from a pup." —Rotary Bulletin, SMETHWICK, ENGLAND.

The Last Word

Have you ever given consideration to the outstanding peculiarity of the double postal card issued by Uncle Sam?

The original message card bears the likeness of George Washington in the upper righthand corner, while the "replay card" carries the portrait of his good wife, Martha. Despite the passage of 141 years, Martha has the last word to this very day!—*Christian Science Monitor*.

A Break for the Birds

After a day's shooting in India, a young Englishman who was a poor shot said to his Indian attendant: "I did not do so well today."

"Oh, the young sahib shot very well, very well indeed," said the diplomatic Hindu, "but God was very merciful to the birds."—*The Rotary Clipper, DUNDALK, MARYLAND*.

Well, That Helps

Dad may not be able to appraise the worth of a college career, but he can tell you the cost.—*Grit*.

What Goes Up . . .

It seems that one of the boys in Army maneuvers in Texas came floating into camp near the Davis Mountains. When he was brought to the officer's tent, slightly bruised, he was told, "You've got real nerve to come down in a parachute with this 100-mile wind blowing. That's dangerous!"

"I didn't come down in a parachute," said the private. "I went up in a tent."—*The Rotary Spokesman, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS*.

Wise Girl

Student: "To whom was Minerva married?"

Professor: "My boy, when will you learn that Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom? She wasn't married."—*The Rotary Felloe, HIGHLAND PARK, MICHIGAN*.

Translated

"I advise you, Madam," instructed the doctor, "to take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool clothes."

"What did the doctor say?" inquired her husband an hour later.

"He said I ought to go to Atlantic City, and then to the mountains," re-

lated his wife. "Also that I must get some new light gowns at once."—*Rotary Bulletin, WACO, TEXAS*.

Lost Cause

"They say your daughter has made up her mind to marry a struggling young doctor."

"Well, if she's made up her mind, he might as well stop struggling."—*Rotary Club Bulletin, CEDAR GROVE, NEW JERSEY*.

Limerickers, Attention!

Have you a fifth line in your home—one that will fit the following limerick? If it's the best one submitted to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, it will bring you \$2. Your entry—or entries—must be in by May 1.—Gears Eds.

'BOUT THE BERRIES

The men in our Club are the berries—The Toms and the Dicks and the Jerry's—

When a job's to be done,
All join in the fun,
And

She Has the Best Line!

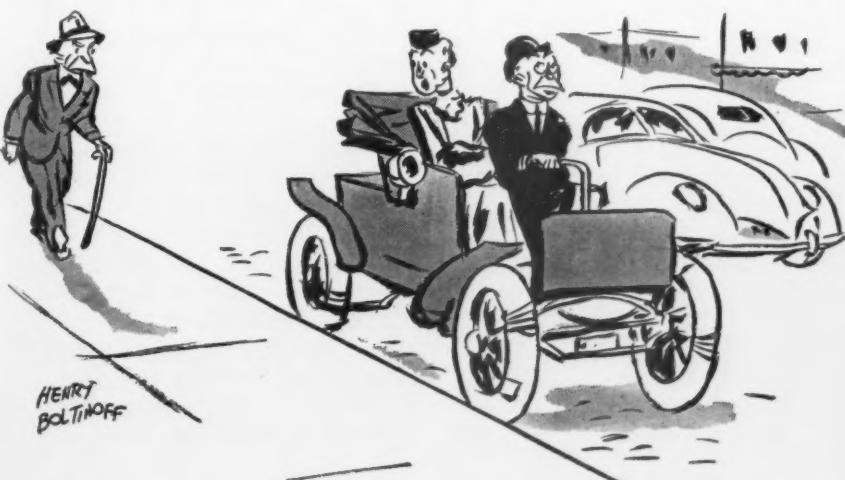
No doubt about Douthitt—and there's more than a pun there! Opal E. Douthitt, of Pleasureville, Kentucky, has supplied the best line for the bobtailed limerick in the January ROTARIAN—and to her goes \$2. The limerick:

"Boys Work is the program I like,"
Said a Rotary member named Pike.
"The Scouts look so fine—
When they stand in a line,
It's investment in character, Ike!"

Answers to Puzzles on Opposite Page

CONCEALED PAST PRESIDENTS: Hill (Everett W., 1924-25, or Robert E. Lee, 1934-35) and Roth (Almon E., 1930-31). 2. Mead (Glenn C., 1912-13) and Newsom (M. Eugene, 1929-30). 3. Head (Walter D., 1939-40) and Paschal (Sydney W., 1931-32). 4. Sapp (Arthur H., 1927-28) and Greiner (Russell F., 1913-14). 5. Harris (Paul P., 1910-12) and Rogers (Harry H., 1926-27).

CROSSWORD ENIGMA: May Day.
ANAGRAMS: Abraham Lincoln.



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Last Page Comment

WHAT IS ROTARY?

For more than 36 years men have been seeking to put the answer into words. We say that Rotary is an association of business and professional men banded together to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise. We can go on to say that today there are more than 5,000 Rotary Clubs in some 60 countries of the world, and that in these Clubs are more than 200,000 members. But such explanations are not adequate. When it is said that electricity is "a force," men say, "Yes—but what does it do?" When it is said that Rotary is an idealistic organization, men quite properly ask, "Fine—but what does it do?"

SINCE 1905, WHEN

the first Rotary Club was established in Chicago, Rotary has fumblingly but steadily sought outlets for the dynamics engendered by members as they grasped the meaning of the ideal of service. For practical reasons, all of Rotary's activities—Club or individual—have been bracketed under four groupings, termed Club Service, Vocational Service, Community Service, and International Service. The last is the newest of these "lanes of Rotary service." It is predicated, as Vice-President Ware makes abundantly clear in his article on page 11, upon true-blue patriotism. Seeking the welfare of their own countries, Rotarians are expected also to keep in mind the fact that the service ideal, logically expanded, comprehends a world neighborhood.

LOYALTY TO THE IDEAL

of service is a touch that makes kinsmen of all good Rotarians, but there is no unity in their acceptance of political or other dogma. Good Rotarians dwell in countries ranging the spectrum of neutrality and belligerency. Yet Rotary, the organization, has not been silent on problems affecting the inalienable rights of man. Last

June, at Havana, the Convention approved and ratified its Board's statement *Rotary Amid World Conflict*, which says, in part:

In these catastrophic times, the Board feels that it should reemphasize to Rotarians throughout the world that Rotary is based on the ideal of service, and where freedom, justice, truth, sanctity of the pledged word, and respect for human rights do not exist, Rotary cannot live nor its ideal prevail. These principles, which are indispensable to Rotary, are vital to the maintenance of international peace and order and to human progress.

The Board, therefore, condemns all attacks upon these principles and calls upon each Rotarian to exert his influence and exercise his strength to protect them and to help hasten the day when war need no longer be used as an instrument for settling international disputes.

IN JANUARY, 1941,

Rotary's Board of Directors reexamined this statement with special care. As an outline of activities based upon it, the Board directed that the attention of Rotary Clubs and Rotarians everywhere be called to the following extracts from a report of the Aims and Objects Committee:

Although in countries already at war and in countries which are seriously affected by the wars now being waged, Rotarians will of necessity give an increasing amount of thought and time to war-related activities, it becomes increasingly obvious that Rotary's fourfold program of service is more desirable than ever.

If Rotary meetings provided nothing but fellowship and an opportunity to renew one's courage and confidence in his fellowmen, they would justify the necessary effort to attend them. But they are doing more than that. In some of the countries most harassed by war, the Clubs are keeping alive their determination to help find, when the war ends, a "peace path" which will not lead to another debacle.

In the areas in which Vocational Service operates, Rotarians are finding in this field many challenges to their obligation to maintain, if not to raise, standards. This in itself is no mean opportunity in consideration of the temptations to lower standards which so often accompany periods of stress.

In the field of Community Service we find unlimited opportunities for every Rotarian, regardless of his other

services to his nation. In the field of International Service there is greater evidence than ever of the need to advance international understanding and goodwill as a basis of peace. Rotarians can and we believe will keep the Fourth Object alive through personal study, group consideration, and contacts in their own communities with representatives of other nationalities.

"It is obvious," Rotary's international Board of Directors noted, "that any enduring peace must be founded on those principles of friendship, thoughtfulness of others, and the spirit of service which have from its origin been characteristic of Rotary. It is, therefore, most important that these principles be kept alive and nurtured in order that they may make their influence felt during peace negotiations and during the period following thereafter."

HERE RECHARTED

are the main lines for Rotary action, for fulfilling the obligation to realize the ideal of service each assumed when he became a member. On but a few points—such as attendance—is Rotary dogmatic in saying what a member shall or shall not do. The genius of the movement has lain and continues to lie in the voluntary acceptance by men of an obligation to translate the service ideal into action in accord with the dictates of their hearts and their minds. "Service above self" is an incomplete thought to the man-in-the-street as well as to the psychologist unless it issues in deeds. With remarkable consistency through its 36 years, Rotary has declined to dissipate its enthusiasms through resolutions for specific crusades—crusades which, because of the diversity of its composition, Rotary could not carry out. The obligation to act, therefore, falls upon the Rotarian as an individual and upon groups of Rotarians, known to each other, who make up Clubs. Both individuals and Clubs have autonomy in deciding how they shall implement the Four Objects—but, important to note, this autonomy does not extend to the point of doing nothing.

Rotary today, as at no time since 1905, is action!

-Your Editors

